

TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 24, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



STAR FARMER
JOE MOORE

\$6.00 A YEAR

VOL. LXVI NO. 17



You'll feel brighter in Carter's

"Cheerful and bright" aptly describes an open fire or a man wearing Carter's Trigs. Is it due (*in the latter case*) entirely to comfort? No indeed. There's far more to Carter's undergarments than the gentleness of knitwear.

The light that kindles in a man's eyes when he wears Trigs *knit* Boxers or Briefs or Trigs Shirts, reflects his pride in Carter's impeccable style.

Oh, yes, men do go for style. Especially for the stylish patterns featured by Carter's. Be sure to see the Tattersall checks and the pin-checks. In Carter's stylish (*not flaming*) colors.

Once you try Carter's Trigs, your enthusiasm will be unquenchable. They launder without ironing. Carter's—the great name in underwear. William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.



At these and other fine stores: Atlanta, Zephyr • Boston, Jordan-Mark Co. • Chicago, Evanston, Beale • Cleveland, The R. & B. Baker Co. • Dallas, A. Harris Co. • James K. Wilson
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New Haven, The Edward Mallory Co. • Newark, Bannergate • New York, Waldbaum • New York, Waldbaum & Co. • Franklin Square
Rochester, Sibley, Lindsey & Curt • San Francisco, Oakland, Hastings • Seattle, Schellbach • St. Louis, Wolff • Waterville, Dunham's of Maine



Picking up oyster shells with a vacuum cleaner

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

BENEATH that water, there's a vast deposit of oyster shells—wonderful for poultry when crushed. The shells are sucked out of the riverbed and into the dredge through the long metal pipe hanging from the boom. Only one trouble.

There has to be a length of flexible rubber hose to connect the rigid pipe to the dredge, so that the boom can be raised and lowered. But the sharp, destructive oyster shells tore the rubber to shreds in no time. There was constant expense for replacements.

A B. F. Goodrich man heard about this cost problem and sug-

gested a hose, lined with a special B. F. Goodrich rubber, developed for chute linings to stand the grinding of gravel and sand. This rubber is soft enough to *give* under the beating it gets yet so tough that it's even used in some places to carry broken glass. In many cases, it has outlasted the hardest steel 10 to 1.

The dredge operator tried B. F. Goodrich sand suction hose, and found that where other makes sometimes wore out in weeks, hose made by B. F. Goodrich lasted 8 to 10 months on the average. One in particular handled over 3 million yards of abrasive

shell and sand before it was replaced.

But that's not surprising. B. F. Goodrich hose products nearly always outlast other makes on tough jobs where severe operating conditions call for the best and most modern hose construction. Let your B. F. Goodrich distributor show you how this longer life, this ability to stand harder use, can reduce your hose costs per year, make other savings in operating and maintenance costs. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-495, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



ARROW PAR

Smart appearance begins with your "STYLE ZONE"

Your "style zone" is focused at your shirt collar. That's where people look first; that's where smart appearance always begins.

No wonder this Arrow Par with its soft, spread collar makes such a

handsome and distinctive addition to any man's shirt collection.

Mitiga®-tailed in superb "Sanforized" fabric, the Arrow Par with French or button cuffs is \$3.95. All-silk Arrow Tie, \$2.50.

ARROW

first in fashion

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LETTERS

Ike's Illness

Sir:

President Eisenhower's greatest assets are, as you stated, that he liked and understood. This is, of course, a result of his complete sincerity and integrity, which cannot help being recognized. Surely he has proven that these basic qualities have done more for the U.S. in less than three years of his Administration than 30 years of the partisan politics of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman could accomplish. Therefore it is imperative that his policies continue to be carried out by a Republican President . . .

MARYSE SALMONSEN

Portland, Me.

Sir:

Are you booming Little Boy Blue Nixon for the U.S. presidency? I can see no resemblance between the once tear-stained face of Nixon and the gold-plated eagle that graces your Oct. 10 cover; in fact, the old bird looks very much out of place.

B. STALNAKER

Houston

Sir:

You had better wake up and realize that there are more Democrats than Republicans in this country, and that your future depends on giving all sides a fair shake. Right now the odds are that the Republicans will not win in 1956. That would put you in a hell of a position. All we Democrats ask is fair treatment—equal treatment. We can lick the opposition with this. I don't give a damn that my subscription expires this month. I get the *Democratic Digest*, and that will well take up my time.

CREIGHTON MERRELL

Seattle

Sir:

To state so casually that "No man in either U.S. party approaches him (Ike) in stature" is just too much. Fortunately, there are many men in at least one party who surpass Eisenhower in many characteristics. It

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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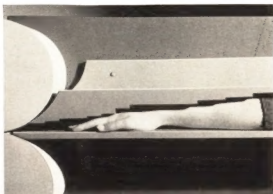
TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1955

LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

THEY BOUNCED EGGS TO SAVE YOUR SKULL!

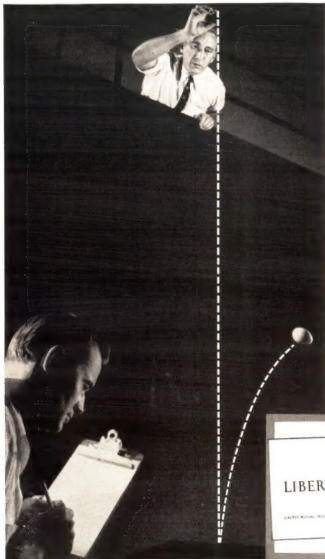
This is a demonstration of padding material for places inside a car (the dashboard, for example) that you might strike with your head. 75% of auto crash fatalities result from head injuries. Eggs were used for this experiment because they're much like human skulls. Some padding absorbs energy so well that eggs have been dropped as far as 50 feet without breaking. Automobile Crash Research, sponsored by Liberty Mutual and performed by Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, shows how to reduce the 35,000 deaths and 1,500,000 injuries on highways yearly.



WHEN IS A HAND IN DANGER? For the first 1 1/4 inches away from the danger line in a factory machine — no opening of more than 1/4 inch can be considered "safe" in a machine guard. This basic fact is only one of many findings that came out of an exhaustive study of guard designs conducted by Liberty Mutual loss prevention engineers. A test fixture is shown above. Liberty Mutual constantly carries on research to keep workers safe and keep down the cost of compensation insurance.



"LOOK OUT, JIM!" A letter from a Liberty Mutual policyholder tells of his accident as pictured here . . . a sleepy driver . . . a narrow escape from death. The only thing that saved him from disastrous financial loss was advice he'd gotten from a Liberty Mutual salesman. In getting automobile insurance you can rely on the Liberty Mutual man because he works full-time for your company. And Liberty Mutual claims service is available 24 hours a day in the U. S., Canada and Hawaii.



LIBERTY  MUTUAL

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ARE YOU GETTING INSURANCE PROTECTION LIKE THIS?

If you're a policyholder with Liberty Mutual you get your service direct from the company. This means you're served by trained people. Trained to watch after your interests. That's one reason why Liberty Mutual is called the company that stands by you.



BALDWIN IS THE OFFICIAL
PIANO OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

America is on the move toward greater music...for more people...in cities, suburbs...towns, villages. What yesterday was "culture" for the few, today is a spontaneous manifestation of the American way of life...for all. The makers of the Baldwin Grand Piano take pride in the growing roster of civic musical organizations which have made Baldwin their official piano. And salute the great musical artists who prefer, play upon and praise Baldwin as the piano of their choice.

*Of course it's Baldwin—
that builds the Acrosonic—
today's finest small piano.*



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Builders of: Baldwin, Acrosonic and Hamilton Pianos • Baldwin and Orga-sonic Organs

For your "personal" piano, choose the instrument upon which great artists agree:

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BACKHAUS

Leonard
BERNSTEIN

FAUSTO
Cleva

Jose
ITURBI

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Nemenoff

PIATIGORSKY

LILY
PONS

SZIGETI

is too bad that the Republican Party is so bankrupt (with its Jenners, Knowlands, Nixons, Dirksens and McCarthys). I do believe most strongly in the two-party system, but I would hate to think that our country would have to depend entirely on one man...

LAWRENCE G. OLINGER

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir:

... We could do better in choosing presidential candidates if they were chosen for their administrative ability, and not for their politics. Certainly some of our up and coming young (35 to 45) college presidents or business executives would be well qualified to run. The experience with President Eisenhower these past three years seems to indicate that executive ability is of prime importance...

DORIS WONISCH

Helena, Mont.

Sir:

... How about Henry Cabot Lodge stepping in as our next President to carry on the good work of Eisenhower?

SALLIE MONROE

Aberdeen, Md.

Sir:

... Sherman Adams ... if Ike is disabled.
M. A. HAVE

Columbus, O.

Sir:

How about Milton Eisenhower? ...
ALPHONSE GUTIERREZ

Rio de Janeiro

The Farmer in the Dell

Sir:

The farmers "grew much of their own food" clearly shows that Time [Oct. 3] is at least 20 years behind the times ... in expressing the moldy urban view that farm people need hardly any cash income because they are practically self-sufficient ... Today's farmers tend to produce one main item, sometimes two or three, but no more. They buy the rest with money, and their money buys no more than anyone else's ...

ARDEN BENTHIN

Bellingham, Wash.

Sir:

... Agriculture is at last succumbing to what the great portion of industry has, namely the corporation type of enterprise. No longer will we have many 80- to 120-acre farms with each farmer his own owner and operator, but we will have 1,000- to 10,000-acre farms with executives, white-collar workers, technicians and laborers ... As a small (215 acres) farmer, I don't like it at all ...

PAUL M. SHOGER

Aurora, Ill.

Sobs from the West

Sir:

O.K., fellers, I give up ... It is true, though unfortunate, that TIME, the biggest hodgepodge of slanted pseudo-sophisticated misinformation on the face of the earth, is, for reasons that you might not suspect, worth having. You see, I have to read it to check up on my friends ... who are frequently guilty of TIME-conversation. This is a disease for which there is no known cure. Symptoms: patient exhibits smooth, well-informed opinion-taking stand on anything from Adenauer to *Zeitung*; is never at loss for any rationalization of Eisenhower policy, or any criticism of latest book by Bertrand Russell; will begin cocktail-party dissertation on latest TIME-covered celebrity at the drop of a capsule-summary; buys Brubeck

TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1955



VALLEY OF DESTRUCTION was the main street of Winsted, Conn. Among the first to get through the floods was a telephone truck carrying emergency power equipment to provide service in the flooded telephone exchange at the lower end of the street.



TELEPHONE MEN GO TO WORK BY BOAT to speed drying of equipment in telephone exchange at Putnam, Conn., where service was provided by temporary switchboard on higher ground. In Stroudsburg, Pa., linemen and operators were flown in helicopters.

The Deluge of Diane

Hurricane floods emphasized the value of the telephone and the teamwork of telephone people in emergencies

Seldom has a water-borne disaster struck with more concentrated fury than the floods of Hurricane Diane, which hit several eastern states.

"I never saw anything so terrifying in my life as when that river came down," said the telephone manager in Winsted, Connecticut.

Out of the havoc of the floods have come countless stories of courage and the good American spirit of helping one another in times of trouble.

Among them are heart-warming tributes to the telephone men and women who kept service going and worked so

hard to restore it wherever lines had been washed out. Together with the Red Cross, Salvation Army, National Guard, Civil Defense workers and all their neighbors in the stricken communities, they did their part in the tremendous job of rescue and restoration.

Many former telephone operators and those off duty reported back to their jobs. Trained, experienced crews from the telephone companies and Western Electric moved in fast with equipment and supplies and worked 'round the clock.

Disaster comes suddenly. But wherever it strikes you can depend on telephone people to do everything possible to provide you with telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



OUTRACING THE FLOODS. Radio telephone service was set up at strategic points even before the floods reached their peak. Man in automobile makes emergency call while Mayor Moule of Phillipsburg, N. J., and telephone man stand by.

These noble Scotches find favour with gentlefolk

It is AGE that imparts True Quality to 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare, and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. We suggest you give them your Patronage, in the conviction that you shall be well & truly SATISFIED. Offered for sale at fine spirit shops, hostellers, clubs, etc.



—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, N. Y.
importers thereof

Blended
Scotch Whiskies



20 years old, 86.8 proof

12 years old, 86.8 proof

There is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON®**

DISTINCTIVE LOWBOY with exclusive simulated marble Marlite top, to harmonize with genuine Honduras or bleached mahogany veneer cabinet. 21-inch aluminized picture tube. Wide range front-mounted speaker. Easily accessible stand-up front tuning, illuminated dial. Tinted removable safety glass. Superb performance on VHF or UHF. (The CREMONA—K21-22H)

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.
A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

album day after article appears; lauds Dylan Thomas and explains poems thereof . . . is, in short, the very model of a modern man of the world. No sob, no sorrows, no sighs. No doubts, no indecision, no brains.

. . . With my most sincere hopes for a speedy and well-deserved drop to obscurity.

ROBERT A. POTTER

Los Angeles

Time & Interest

Sir:

Now that the sound and fury of the Talbott investigation [Aug. 1 et seq.] has died away, and before the clamor of the 1956 "campaigning" session of Congress begins, would it be impertinent to ask: 1) How many Congressmen have business associations that might affect their votes on pending legislation, and 2) how many Congressmen are past 65—the accepted retiring age for labor?

MRS. JOSEPH HELMICK

Weirton, W. Va.

Of Congressmen who admit (in the *Congressional Directory*) to a date of birth, 55 Representatives and Senators are over 65.—Ed.

Death of a Boy (Contd.)

Sir:

As a native Mississippian, I want to thank you for the very fine reporting you did [Oct. 3] on the Emmett Till murder trial. The handling of the case by Judge Swango and the prosecution renew hope against the almost overpowering futility of the verdict.

W. R. WATKINS III

McComb, Miss.

Sir:

Whenever the war news is slack . . . the biased editors of *TIME* capitalize on such controversial articles as the Till case.

I wish I could read the article *TIME* writes 2,000 years hence, when the Deep South rides in "white" and "colored" rocket ships.

GLORIA BARTON MORRIS

Aiken, S.C.

Sir:

. . . You dare to speak so self-righteously of blind hate and prejudice in conflict with the law, and in the same breath condemn a whole county, who had never heard of Emmett Till until a body was found in the river, just because you didn't like the verdict of the jury . . . Any Negro or white from anywhere in the world knows it is wrong to roll his eyes, whistle lewdly, make obscene remarks, and sling an innocent lady around as if she were a barmaid. Is it justice to make a hero of an immoral Negro? *TIME* could at least have the decency to disapprove of his actions and sympathize with his victim . . .

BENNYE CHATHAM

(A native Tallahatchie Islander)

Rose Hill, Miss.

Sir:

The story of Till's death—simply because the boy whistled "lewdly" at Mrs. Carolyn Bryant—has proved disgusting to the whole world . . .

JOSÉ DE BARROS FRANÇA

São Paulo, Brazil

Sir:

The latest atrocity from behind the Grits and Gravy Curtain moves me to suggest that Mississippi, Georgia and Unoccupied Florida secede from the Union forthwith, all white Deep Southerners to receive free passage to another Union more in line with their philosophy—that of South Africa. To fill this welcome vacuum, let us then admit Hawaii

*"Must feel good, Jim...
on your feet and
back at Stanley!"*

*"Couldn't feel better...and
our group insurance
took care of the bills."*



THE STANLEY WORKS, manufacturer of hardware and tools, includes group insurance with Connecticut General Life Insurance Company as part of its employee relations program. Featured in the plan of group insurance are Life, Accident and Sickness, and Hospital benefits.

THIS PROTECTION, Stanley believes, accomplishes two things. It increases employee loyalty and, by relieving employees' minds of a big financial worry, it helps them function better on the job.

THROUGH RESEARCH and experience in employee relations, we have developed a service, called B.E.U., to achieve Better Employee Understanding of group insurance. Employee understanding is essential if the employer is to realize the fullest return on his investment in group insurance benefits.

LIKE TO LEARN HOW to get the most out of *your* group insurance investment? Just ask our local office or your general insurance man about B.E.U. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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- ACCIDENT
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Split-Second Timing the "MILE OF THE CENTURY"

It happened at the British Commonwealth Games. For the first time in history, two men ran a mile in less than four minutes!

And Omega timed the finish.

Yes, the world over, when time decides the issue, Omega decides the time. Official timepiece of the Olympic Games, Omega also holds awards from the great international timing observatories.

Omega means "the ultimate"...in accuracy...in classic beauty.



OMEGA CHRONOMETER: Self-winding, shock-protected, 18K gold case, 18K gold applied figure dial, sweep-second hand, \$375. Federal tax included. Other fine Omega watches for men and women from \$71.50.

Ω
OMEGA
The Watch the World has Learned to Trust

and Alaska to statewide. I am sure that they would contribute more to the glory of the U.S. than treachery novels. Neanderthal politicians and made-to-measure propaganda for the Soviet Union.

THOMAS H. SHANKS

Los Angeles

In a Glass Darkly

Sir:

Referring to the painting of Gabrielle d'Estrees, one of Henri IV's mistresses, reproduced in the Oct. 3 issue, you mention her mirrored profile "which disobeys all known laws of reflection." Has it not occurred to your Art editor that the reflection in the mirror is that of a lady-in-waiting, not seen elsewhere in the painting?

JASON LINDSEY

Hollywood, Calif.

♣ Despite the angles of refraction, it is indeed Gabrielle's reflection.—Ed.

Sir:

A quick word of kudos for your Art section. It is an outstanding section in an outstanding magazine. As an interpreter of art history and a translator of the high-flown language of art critics, it is without peer in the field; its lack of condescension is refreshing, and in no wise detracts from the impression it gives of being knowledgeable.

HANK QUINTO

New York City

The Bad Woman's Wind

Sir:

I note this in TIME (Sept. 26): "Los Angeles Smog: the serious indirect consequences on health, etc." One of the earliest references to smog can be found in the Chinese prose poem by Sung Yu (300 B.C.):

*The Man Wind is fresh and sweet to breathe
and its gentle murmuring
cures the diseases of men, blows away the
staple of the wine,
sharpens sight and hearing, and refreshes
the body . . .*

*The Woman's Wind, the common people's wind,
rises from the streets
and narrow lanes, carrying clouds of dust . . .
Now this wind is heavy and turgid, oppress-
ing man's heart.*

*It brings fever to his body, ulcers to his
lips, and dimness to his eyes.
It shakes him with coughing; it kills him
before his time.*

To our Los Angeles Woman Wind, we resign ourselves.

R. BARONDES, M.D.

Los Angeles

The Crow That Crew in Brooklyn

Sir:

. . . Why the hell couldn't you have put Walt Alston on the Oct. 3 cover?

EDITH LANNING

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . You certainly look very, very silly with the world champions' flag way down your gilded throat . . .

J. MELENDEZ

New York City

SIR:

AND SO WE ADD CASEY STENGEL'S NAME TO THE LIST OF THOSE TIME'S COVER HOAXES.

ELLIS B. HAZLIP

Atlantic City, N.J.

♣ And the name of the Dodgers' Catcher Roy Campanella too? (TIME, Aug. 8).—Ed.



LORD JEFF makes the soft, handsomely styled sweater shown opposite of 100% "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber. About \$10.95. See it in a variety of colors at these and other fine stores:

Albany, N.Y.	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Atlanta, Ga.	Park-Chambers
Bakersfield, Calif.	Harry Coffee's
Beaver Falls, Pa.	Taylor's
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Brockton, Mass.	Markey's, Inc.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Berger's Men's Shop
Davenport, Iowa	Simon and landowner
Denver, Colo.	The Daniels and Fisher Stores Co.
Durham, N.C.	Van Straaten's
Elizabeth, N.J.	Weiss & Epstein
Elmira, N.Y.	H. Straus, Inc.
Fresno, Calif.	Harry Coffee's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie Bostock and Monroe
Greenwich, Conn.	Kepple & Kepple
Harrisburg, Pa.	Crego's
Hartford, Conn.	Stackpole, Moore, Tryon, Co.
Huntington, W. Va.	Angels
Iowa City, Iowa	Bremers
Jackson, Miss.	Steven's
Juneau, Alaska	Cosler's Jack Henry
Kansas City, Mo.	Hurd's Men's Shop
Laramie, Wyo.	Jan-N-Jax Men's Shops
Minneapolis, Minn.	Einar Andren
Mission, Kans.	Ashe Men's & Boys' Wear
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallenree's
New Bedford, Mass.	Galli's Men's Apparel
New Haven, Conn.	J. Johnson & Son, Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Ray Hammond and Son
New Orleans, La.	Steven's, Inc.
Norfolk, Va.	Shulman & Co., Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	Herzberg's Men's Shop
Patterson, N.J.	Konner's
Pinehurst, N.C.	Van Straaten's
Rapid City, S.D.	Seeley
Salt Lake City, Utah	W. E. File Co.
Scranton, Pa.	Samter's
Stone Harbor, N.J.	Crego's
Utica, N.Y.	Maher Brothers
West Palm Beach, Fla.	Goldsmith Bros.
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Worcester, Mass.	Mark, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio	The Squire Shop, Inc.

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Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.

"Orlon" gives luxury

sweaters new practicality



Expect more than the traditional in fine sweaters of "Orlon"® acrylic fiber. Du Pont "Orlon" brings a new practicality to traditionally soft, luxurious sweaters. They're lightweight and com-

fortable, smart yet casual. They are quickly and easily washable... need no stretching, no shaping, no special care of any kind. See them at fine stores like those listed on the opposite page.



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND-PRIZES
28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

Longines announces the world's most advanced Automatic Watch

World-wide acclaim greeted the debut of the first Longines Automatic Watch—the product of a million dollar, ten-year research program. Now, a decade later, Longines announces still further improvement in this distinguished timepiece—the most advanced self-winding watch in the world today.

You should know that adding a self-winding mechanism to a watch requires many extra parts. An Automatic is, in fact, a *complicated* watch, and in that field the experience of Longines is unique. As example, Longines complicated watches include chronographs and timing watches that are regarded as the finest in the world.

Thanks to this experience, the harmonization of watch movement and automatic driving power in the Longines Automatic has been achieved with astonishing simplicity and precision. Wear and strain have been virtually eliminated. These Longines Automatics can promise in full measure all of the accuracy, the ruggedness and long life for which Longines watches have been world honored.

If you would like the convenience of an Automatic watch, Longines has made a style—just for you. There are many ultra-thin models for dress and business wear. Longines Automatics are shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, with unbreakable mainsprings; many are waterproofed*. These outstanding Longines Automatics are priced from \$75. to \$205. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler would be honored to serve you.

*as long as crystal, back and stem are intact



Illustrated
Longines—Milan Sweep Automatic, 11K, gold, \$175.
Specifications: movement—caliber 55, 21,600 v.p.h.;
new, twin, automatic winding mechanism; automatic
slide; two directional, oscillating mass; semi-circular
designed balance; coefficient of friction .005; daily
loss of time .010; spring, stainless, unbreakable;
winding control, stable thanks to patented Longines
-wing-clamp which eliminates friction and time con-
suming time; running time, at rest, 10 hours. Other Longines
Automatic Watches, with same specifications from \$75.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Hand on the Tiller

John Foster Dulles arrived at Fitzsimons Army Hospital, as he always does for White House conferences, with a neat agenda of items for discussion. On his typewritten list, ready to be checked off, were eight subjects, including the forthcoming Big Four foreign ministers' conference at Geneva, the Communist ship-

at key points in our countries, and if you feel this would help to create the better spirit I refer to, we could accept that too."

After the conference was over, the physicians examined the patient, and came to a conclusion: the experience had helped rather than harmed him. With that, a whole series of conferences with members of the Cabinet and other top officials of the U.S. Government fell into line. Be-

THE PRESIDENCY

A Day in Colorado

Westward from the man on the hospital terrace swept the Rockies, flecked with the gold of the cottonwoods and aspens, beneath cloudless autumn skies. To the northwest stood Longs Peak, 14,255 ft., and to the southwest Pikes Peak, 14,110 ft., their shoulders cloaked with snow; on the way out to the horizon, amid



IKE & MAMIE WAVING FROM HOSPITAL TERRACE
On a day to remember, unceasing testaments of affection and respect.

Dave Mathias—Denver Post

ment of arms to Egypt and a letter to Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Bulganin. The President's physicians told the Secretary of State that 1) he could bring up any subject he wished to, and 2) he did not have to comply with their previously set 15-minute time limitation. Then they let him into the hospital room.

For 25 minutes the President and the Secretary of State talked. At times Ike's cheerful voice and occasional laughter could be heard out in the corridor. When they came to the Bulganin letter, Dulles produced a proposed draft, which did little more than acknowledge that the President had received the Soviet Premier's letter discussing U.S.-Soviet exchange of military information and aerial inspection. Editing and reworking the Dulles draft, the President pointed up the whole letter and brought in a new point: "I have not forgotten your proposal having to do with stationing inspection teams

for the week was out Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey (*see below*) spent a quarter of an hour in the President's room; early this week Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, are scheduled; later in the week Attorney General Herbert Brownell will fly to Denver.

By week's end the President, for the first time since his illness, was able to leave his bed and sit (for 15 minutes one day and half an hour the next) in a leather chair. As the President's strength continued to grow, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams gave the Cabinet word that was good news for the U.S. and the whole free world: the President is now ready to dispose of all problems that any department head might hesitate to settle on his own authority. Gradually but persistently, Dwight Eisenhower was getting a new grip on the tiller.

intervening tiers and hollows, lay places like Clear Creek, where Colorado's first important gold strike was made in 1859. ("Panned out eight treaty cups of dirt," the prospector said, "and found nothing but fine colors.")

The prospect that extended 100 miles before him was deeply satisfactory to the man on the terrace, for within it he had ridden trails, painted the colorings, read the local history, gone fishing, driven back in his father-in-law's Packard from Eldorado Springs on the first trip he had taken after his wedding. Contemplating it, he seemed unusually relaxed and contented, for here was the segment of land that he had always most liked to come back to. Suddenly from below, from the croquet garden of the hospital, came shouts denoting that here was another day, spent in Colorado, to be remembered. "Happy Birthday, Ike," several convalescent patients were calling up to

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ADVISERS HUMPHREY & ADAMS® IN DENVER

"Who wants to go back?"

him. "Happy Birthday, Mr. President."

Before noon, several truckloads of birthday presents, corridors of flowers, eight big sacks of mail, were accumulating at Fitzsimons Army Hospital. Mamie Eisenhower, first in to see her husband on his 65th birthday, gave him a plastic easel equipped with boxes for brushes and paints. Major John Eisenhower's choice was a set of *Autobridge*, enabling the President to play all four hands in turn. From the President's grandchildren came a book of crossword puzzles, another book called *150 Ways to Play Solitaire*, and a phonograph record of a monologue. *What It Was, Was Football*. In the President's room bloomed red roses and autumn flowers, picked from his mother's garden at Abilene, Kans.

"A Great Human Host." After breakfast, which included the second cup of coffee the President has taken since his heart attack, one of his aides brought word of official gifts: from the White House staff, flowering plants and shrubs; from the Cabinet, quinces; from the 48 state organizations of the Republican Party, Norway spruces—all to be planted along the driveway of the President's farm at Gettysburg, Pa. "We . . . are joined with a great human host in wishing you new health, long happiness," read the birthday message from the Cabinet. The President got a great belt of laughter out of a gift from the White House reporters: a pair of dark-red pajamas with a five-star general's circlet of stars on the collar tabs and a gold-lettered device across the pocket. MUCH BETTER THANKS, to help the President reply to inquiries about his health. "Labor-saving pajamas," read the card.

Sounding through the congratulations and the greetings was a note of regret and resignation, indicating acceptance of the probability that the President would not run for re-election. "Serene years that lie

ahead," was the phrase penned by the White House staff. "The peace and quiet of your home," was the theme of the Cabinet. But such tidings were for the future, and this was a day for rejoicing. Into the President's 25 birthday cakes—enough for all 2,128 staff members and patients of the hospital—went 6½ lbs. of flour, 50 lbs. of sugar, 33½ lbs. of egg whites, 2 lbs. of baking powder, 16½ quarts of milk, 25 lbs. of shortening. Into the President's medical log went an unusually favorable report: "The President's condition continues to progress satisfactorily without complications. His morning examination showed that his temperature, pulse and blood pressure continue to be normal. His cardiogram has stabilized at a satisfactory level."

"Warm Regard." Quietly, the President relaxed through the rest of the day, gazing out at the sweep of the Rockies, lunching on trout, napping, listening to music, taking only one slice of his birthday cake at supper. Before the day was over, the President recalled that this was also the birthday, the 47th, of Jim Rowley, the chief of the White House Secret Service detail. So from his hospital room, surrounded by testaments of affection and respect that did not cease, the President dictated a note to Jim Rowley, and signed it: "The prohibitions that surround me here have been relaxed long enough to let me say happy birthday to one who shares with me a birthday anniversary. With my best wishes and warm regard come, as always, my warm thanks for everything you do for me. Sincerely, Dwight D. Eisenhower."

® The month-old newspaper under Adams' arm is a copy of the *Montreal Gazette*, which New Hampshireman Adams reads regularly for a neighborly view of U.S. affairs. While he was vacationing in Europe, his wife saved the papers for him and methodical Sherman Adams is gradually working his way forward through the file.

THE ADMINISTRATION More Than Money

Into President Eisenhower's hospital room one day last week walked U.S. Secretary of the Treasury George Magoffin Humphrey to talk about money and other matters. He brought good news: his newest estimates indicate that the U.S. budget for the current fiscal year ending June 30 can be balanced. A combination of two circumstances are at work, said Humphrey. "One will be somewhat higher revenues than we anticipated, because of the continuation of the good times that we are now enjoying, and the other will be because of the savings that have been made."

Whether the balance on June 30 will leave room for a tax cut next year Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey could not say. He hoped that it would, but he did not try to forecast that possibility for the President. From the budget they moved on to discuss a wide area of U.S. Government policy. The breadth of their discussion was no surprise. While there is a slogan in Washington that "Money means George, and George means money," the fact is that George means quite a bit more.

"That's All I Want." Although he is much less in the public eye than some other members of the Administration team, e.g., Vice President Nixon and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams (TIME, Oct. 17), George Humphrey has a wide influence that touches about every phase of government. Because military planning and foreign policy have such a deep effect on the U.S. budget, Humphrey sits as a key member of the National Security Council.

At times, Washington has thought that it was witnessing a head-on clash between Humphrey and Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. In Denver last week Humphrey took pains to tell reporters where he stands with his good friend Wilson: "There is no controversy or problem between Mr. Wilson and myself at all. There never has been any time when I thought that there should be any change in the program of defense. I never asked Mr. Wilson to do anything that would change that. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, has assured me that he is doing everything that he can do to try to eliminate any wasteful action. Now that's all I can ask: it's all I want. I have known Mr. Wilson for a great many years, and I have a lot of confidence in him."

"Do You Remember?" In addition to spreading his influence beyond the Treasury into other departments, Humphrey has—to the surprise of many of his friends—become a considerable politician. When Defense Secretary Wilson made his widely criticized "bird-dog" remark during the congressional election campaign of 1954, it was Humphrey who took charge of strategy on minimizing the damage. George Humphrey, it has been noted in Washington, is quite nimble at keeping his foot out of his mouth.

The Secretary of the Treasury is in great demand as a speaker at big Republican fund-raising dinners. Last week he spoke at two, in Chicago and Boston. At the \$100-a-plate dinner in Boston's Commonwealth Armory, attended by 4,200—the biggest political event of its kind ever held in Boston—George Humphrey said: "Do you remember the slogan, 'You never had it so good,' and the song with the refrain, 'Don't let them take it away'? Let me ask: Who wants to go back?"

By last week George Humphrey's name was on most lists of presidential possibilities for 1956. He waves away all such talk. Aside from his own reluctance, he has disadvantages: 1) He is older (66 next March) than President Eisenhower, 2) he would be a big target for the Democratic "big business" line, and 3) he is not a colorful performer on the platform or on television. Nevertheless, with Dwight Eisenhower lying ill, George Humphrey's important role in the Administration and in the Republican Party has become more important than ever.

Man from Revenue

Resigned as Commissioner of Internal Revenue: T. Coleman Andrews, 56, formerly head of his own Richmond firm of accountants, Andrews will become chairman of the board of American Fidelity and Casualty Co., the U.S.'s biggest insurer of trucks and buses.

Andrews, son of a day laborer in a Virginia tobacco factory, went to work sweeping out a grocery for 25¢ a day, rose to become a leading Richmond accountant and consultant to the state administration. A Virginia Democrat, he was recommended to the President by Virginia Ike-men, in January 1953, for the job of "reorganizing and revitalizing" the revenue service. He reduced his staff in Washington, but expanded the bureau's field offices, consolidating 17 area offices under nine regional commissioners; he simplified tax-returns for incomes below \$5,000 with the little "bank-check" Form 1040-A. Andrews' most notable mark on his job: a restoration of public confidence in tax collectors after the scandals of the latter Truman years.

POLITICAL NOTES

Available

Adlai Stevenson let all of the cat except the whiskers out of the bag last week. Curiously, he went across the border to Canada to break the news that he was ready to run as the Democratic candidate for the presidency of the U.S. While at Kingston, Ont., to receive an honorary LL.D. from Queen's University, he held a press conference at which he was asked about his intentions.

In 1952 Stevenson made no flat, forthright answer until his acceptance speech at the Chicago convention, which had just given him the nomination. Last week he could have easily brushed aside questions. Instead he replied with only a touch of

ambiguity, "I have informed myself of my intentions and I shall inform you sometime in November." Asked if he expected to be drafted again, he said: "I think it is unlikely."

Then came the key question: "Would you accept the nomination if it were offered to you?" Stevenson's answer: "I would, sir."

Sophisticate Abroad

In New York politics, Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapio makes few mistakes. Perhaps that is partly because the politics of his city runs in settled patterns; everybody knows the rules. Last week De Sapio made the mistake of going on a campaigning mission to California, where nothing is settled except the weather, and where the deuces, nines and one-eyed jacks are wild.

Carmine's objective: to pick up some California support for Averell Harriman's effort to get the Democratic presidential nomination. The Tammany leader knew that the California Democrats were for Kefauver in 1952 and that most of the leaders are now for Stevenson. But what, he reasoned, could he lose by a little quiet hotel-room politicking?

He found out. Early last week, alerted to De Sapio's visit, six top party leaders gathered in the Los Angeles hotel suite of the state's No. 1 Democrat, Attorney General Edmund ("Pat") Brown. Problem: What to do about De Sapio? Their solution was sharp and bright as a knife: start a draft-Stevenson movement.

After the meeting broke up, State Chairman Elizabeth Snyder and others—in a parked car—drafted a telegram urging Adlai to run. Party leaders and Democratic clubs in every one of California's 58 counties were asked, by phone and wire, to add their signatures. An impressive array of leaders signed. Before breakfast, on Carmine De Sapio's second day in San Francisco, agitated National Committeewoman Clara Shipps, who still

likes Kefauver, hustled into De Sapio's suite at the Fairmount Hotel to break the bad news: Pat Brown and other top party leaders were holding a press conference down at the Palace Hotel to come out publicly for Stevenson.

At the Palace, Brown & Co. proudly waved a stack of telegrams supporting their draft movement. "We're off and running," said Pat Brown. "We want this movement to begin in the West, and there's no turning back; we're in this until Stevenson releases us at the convention." Los Angeles Democratic Leader Paul Ziffren, who could be De Sapio's twin for looks, signed the Stevenson telegram. Nevertheless, he visited De Sapio and tried to soften the thrust.

At week's end, when Grand Sachem De Sapio got home across the Hudson again, he allowed himself a comment on the conduct of his fellow-Democrats in California. "Panicky and hasty," he said, wiping his brow.

Opening Round

At an Illinois Chamber of Commerce dinner in Chicago last week, the national chairmen of the Republican and Democratic Parties shared the same debating platform. Both men put in plugs for their personal preferences: New York Republican Leonard Hall pointedly praised "our great Vice President," Richard Nixon; Indiana Democrat Paul Butler quoted with approval from Adlai Stevenson's speeches.

Len Hall's theme was "prosperity with peace." He cried: "Nowhere in the world tonight, as I stand here with my friend Paul Butler, is there anywhere a soldier shooting a gun at an American boy."

Butler replied that Republicans were "doing a huckster job on peace," and quoted Republican Senator William Knowland on "peace without honor" in Korea. He accused the Administration of conducting a government "of big business, by big business, for big business."



DEMOCRATS DE SAPIO & ZIFFREN IN SAN FRANCISCO
The deuces, nines and one-eyed jacks are wild.

Associated Press

AGRICULTURE

The Closest Thing to the Lord

(See Cover)

In Kansas City's sprawling Municipal Auditorium one night last week, 10,000 blue-jacketed youths sat tense and quiet as an announcement was made from the stage. Then, as they came to their feet in a blaze of applause, a 119-piece band blared a fanfare, and a dozen spotlights lanced through the darkened arena to center on a wiry, suddenly pale young man who stood awkwardly rubbing the sweat from his palms. Joe Moore, who runs a farm near Liberty, about halfway between the communities of Accident and Nameless in Tennessee's Cumberland foothills, had just been named 1955's Star Farmer of America.

The Star Farmer award is the highest that can come to one of the 383,000 members of the Future Farmers of America, a voluntary organization that includes more than 95% of all U.S. high-school boys taking vocational agriculture courses. Since it was founded in 1928, the F.F.A., along with the 4-H Clubs, has trained the farm youth in the science of his profession, taught him to use and live with his machines, given him a strength of pride in his calling and a broadened outlook at the world about him. Yesterday's F.F.A. leaders have helped bring U.S. agriculture to the most bountiful state ever known to any civilization, and in so serving their nation they have served themselves. Ex-

amples: 1938's Star Farmer, Hunter Roy Greenlaw, found himself at 16, when his father died, running his family farm near Fredericksburg, Va.; he has built up his property from 385 acres and a few dairy cattle to nearly 800 acres and a herd of 200 Herefords. James Henry Thompson of Salem, Ore., Star Farmer in 1942, originally paid \$15,000 for the property he now values at \$55,000, lives in a modern ranch-style house. Ray Gene Cinnamon, of Garber, Okla., Star Farmer in 1947, began as a sheepherder, now operates an 800-acre farm and owns a producing oil well. Today's F.F.A. leaders, building on the experience of their predecessors, have even greater opportunities.

The F.F.A. judges, in selecting north central Tennessee's Joe Moore last week, went mostly by statistics. Even in this limited context, the record was imposing: Joe farms 505 acres, of which he owns 85; he rents the rest from his father, a fertilizer salesman, for \$1,150 (plus three butchered hogs and a calf) a year. He has bought nearly \$15,000 worth of equipment, ranging from a \$2,800 John Deere tractor to a \$125 mule-drawn wagon. His livestock is valued at more than \$16,000 and includes 71 head of beef cattle, 30 of them fine purebred Aberdeen-Angus, plus seven registered Duroc-Jersey sows and about 80 sheep. He has won more than 170 prizes at local, county, state and national fairs and expositions. In all, Joe has complete managerial responsibility for a \$49,000 farm business. His net worth is

\$37,000. Another statistic: he has just turned 21.

Joe Moore is one of 4,000,000 U.S. farmers, a group so varied as to thwart the sociologists' search for a "typical" member. Yet mid-century U.S. farmers in general have characteristics of working and living that set them apart from farmers of other lands and times. The world (including the recently visiting Russians) marvels at U.S. farm production. How American farmers do it is a mystery, even to most of their compatriots. The secret they preserve individualism and personal enterprise while embracing a thousand forms of cooperative effort, from federal price supports down—or up—to such voluntary organizations as the F.F.A. Joe Moore's story is a part of the secret.

Beginning in Dorkness. Just a few days before Joe left for Kansas City to attend the annual Future Farmers' convention, the Chromaster clock sounded its alarm at 4:30 a.m. in his bedroom at home. Shocked to wakefulness after eight hours of sleep, Joe swung out his bare feet and reached for the mound of khaki clothes on the linoleum floor. The shirt, clammy from three days' accumulated sweat, clung dankly to him. The pants, crusted with dirt and splashed with tractor grease, slipped on over the cotton print shorts in which he had slept. The three-hook farm shoes, their sides eaten by barnyard acids, stayed untied as he clomped to the door of his parents' bedroom and halloped to wake his mother.

Outside, Joe knelt in the dew-laden Bermuda grass, tied his shoe laces, then swung off in easy, economical strides toward the neat, white smokehouse. There, ducking under three Tennessee hams and some sides of smoked fatback, he filled a five-gallon grease bucket with wheat shorts, crimped oats and water to make a slop for the four Duroc sows that were nursing their first litters in the orchard lot. To the hog troughs he took the shortest route, leading through the family cemetery behind the house. As the wire gate clicked shut behind him, Joe passed by the chest-high tombstone of his great-grandfather, Samuel Sampson Carver (1847-1938), symbol of a farm era that, although gone, still presses its influence on Joe Moore and all his contemporaries.

Energy & Erosion. Sam Carver, a fourth-generation native of Jackson County, Tenn., returned from a Union prison after the Civil War, gathered together what money he had, borrowed some more, bought about 800 acres along Dry Fork Branch, near Liberty, and set out with grim energy to wring his living from the land. Says Joe Moore: "He paid next to nothing for it—about \$3,000—and he got his money back the first year on timber. His aim was to make all the money he could off it." Such an aim is one that Joe, himself a proudly acquisitive type ("I'm stingy. I like to make money."), can passionately admire.

But Joe, the product of a different day, finds less to respect in some of Sam's methods, because "He didn't think much



JOE & HIS GIRL IN KANSAS CITY
Brains mean more than muscles.

Roger J. Reynolds

about the people coming along after him." Old Sam cut down most of the virgin timber on his farm, snaked it out by mules to his own sawmills, then ripped into the job of converting the land into dollars, fast and plentiful. He brought in eight tenant farmers—Joe does nicely with three farm hands—and urged them to plow the steep hillsides year after year, planting corn in any and all directions without regard for erosion. Sam Carver was no throwback; he was, if anything, more progressive than most farmers of his generation. But he one-cropped from the earth its precious skin of humus-filled soil and, when he had finished, left it packed with barren red clay fit only for blackberry briars and bodock bushes that grew in tangled profusion.

Great-grandfather Carver was the last real farmer his family was to produce—until Joe Moore, with an intense desire to restore the land to richness, came along. Joe is a living contradiction to the widespread—and wrong—explanation of U.S. farm productivity: the notion that the U.S. has "new" and naturally hyper-fertile soil. Joe successfully farms acres that would make a Polish peasant blanch with dismay. Yet he devoutly believes that his rocky slopes "can be made to grow good crops—just as good as the flat land, or maybe even better, with enough work. I'll make them grow everything they can, and I'll take care of them." Taking care of them means poring over his soil-conservation folder, the most precious document on his farm, which he never lets out of his keeping. It includes his soil-test figures (he can get free tests done either by the Tennessee state laboratories or by a fertilizer company that offers the service), a chart of his program for terracing and contouring and planting, and an aerial photo-mosaic with contour and field lines superimposed. So far, Joe has put in 4,000 ft. of terraces and drainage ditches, converted about 90 acres from thicket to permanent pasture.

Penicillin & Sulfa. Joe's mind, however, was on more immediate matters, as he moved through the early morning ground mists from the cemetery to the orchard lot, where he poured the slop into two troughs and heard the chup-chop of the sows' jaws. Glad to get away from the smell of the hoghouse, Joe waded through high grass and weeds to what was once a brooder house. He hefted a two-bushel bag of mixed feed and poured most of it into a trough for his non-purebred calves. Stepping back, he gauged with practiced eye each calf's enthusiasm for the mixture. Such attention pays off: only a few days before, he had spotted a white-faced black steer (a grade cross between Hereford and Angus) mincing at the feed. Although the calf's nose was not running, Joe figured it might have a cold, or worse yet, be "one of them that just never does eat like he oughta." With the help of his old high-school vocational agriculture teacher, who substitutes in a poor county for a graduate veterinarian, Joe took the steer's temperature, found



Anthony Linck

JOE & HIS CATTLE AT HOME
Grease is cheaper than bearings.

it four degrees above the normal of 101° Fahrenheit. He and the teacher purged the calf with laxative, hypooxed it with penicillin, and in a few days it was back with the other young feeders.

Joe's next pre-sunup chore was an esthetic delight; it dealt with 20 top-quality Angus steers soon to be translated into dollars and cents at the Tennessee Fat Cattle Show. Joe snapped on the lights in the main barn, climbed into the loft and scooped measured feed mixtures into the chute leading to the cattle shed below.

Swinging down from the loft, Joe took a shaker of sulfa powder to the barn's northeast stall and tenderly dusted the mangled ankle flesh of a calf. A few weeks before, the calf had been taken away from its mother, one of Joe's six milk cows. First night away, the weaning calf tried to climb the wall of a barn stall. Next morning Joe found the struggling animal hanging by its right forefoot, caught high in a crack and badly cut. Old Sam Carver, neighbors remember, had hands as gentle as Joe's—but Sam had never had any sulfa and, very probably, would have lost the calf.

While Zoni Williamson, Joe's ancient Negro farmhand, milked some cows, Joe walked out to the farrowing barn that he built while he was still in high school. In one of the six concrete-floored stalls lay a monstrous (upwards of 600 lbs.) Duroc sow with eleven week-old pigs. She gave a grunting roar as Joe eased a trough past her jaws to the floor and filled it with slop from a bucket. Joe worked carefully, talking softly: a sow with new pigs is one of the farm's most dangerous animals, both to humans and to her pigs. If not fed with supplement containing tankage, a sow may indulge in the money-losing practice of eating her young.

The Slugabed. Half an hour after his alarm clock went off, Joe was back at the kitchen door, wiping his shoes on the grass. It was only half an hour before sunrise—and again there is a change to be noted in life on the American farm. Getting up sometimes at 4:30, generally at 5, and occasionally lolling in bed until 6, Joe Moore would have been considered a slugabed by his great-grandfather, who, out of the necessity of his era, turned out at an invariable 4 a.m. When a man is working three to ten farmhands, as Sam Carver did, he must act as a sort of platoon leader, setting a disciplined example so as not to leave his labor force drifting around idle. Joe Moore, who could not find ten available farmhands in his area even if he needed them, can afford some flexibility.

This flexibility lasts throughout the day, which Joe can fill in numberless planned ways, from stripping tobacco to hauling feed in his truck, from supervising the work of a bulldozer, hired for \$10 an hour, to stretching fence. The midday quitting time is 11:30 and, after a big meal, Joe stretches out on the parlor floor (which saves taking off pants and shoes to lie on a bed) for a half-hour nap to "let my eats settle." By 12:30 he is back at work. Ordinarily he stops at 6 or 7 o'clock, but in "pinchin' times" he often mans an after-supper shift, and the buckety-buck of his tractor can be heard until 10 or 11.

Family Circle. On the Moore farm, supper is the main time for the family. At the table will be Joe's grandmother Carver, who lives in a first-floor room of the big white house and knits delicate white bedspreads for her young relatives. There on a visit may be Joe's married sister, Mrs. Donnetta Lampley. At the supper

table too will be Joe's mother, pert, determined Thelma Ashley Carver Moore, now 44, who, in addition to her heavy household duties, holds down the job of Jackson County School Supervisor. She still finds time, once a year, to pack her husband into a car and go on a long trip (several years ago Joe quit going along, but he has been in Canada, Mexico, and 36 states). At the head of the table, if he is not out on the road on his selling job, will be Joe's father, Donald Moore, 48, a patient, understanding man. Born on a poor little 120-acre farm over at Falling Waters in Putnam County, Donald was squeezed out of farming by the size of his family. He went to work selling Bibles—three different editions for teachers, three for home use and, along with them, a discreet book on sex fundamentals. By the time he married Thelma Carver, Donald had a job selling "Checkerboard" feeds for Ralston Purina, later was hired by the Armour Fertilizer Works, for which he is now district sales manager. Perhaps because he never had a chance to do much of it, Donald loved farming—a love that he passed on to his son.

At dinner, grace is said by either Donald or Joe, in conversational man-to-man tones: "Father, we thank Thee for this day and particularly for this food. Go with us through the further part of this night. Amen." The meal is hearty. A typical menu: fried chicken, pole beans with lots of shelled ones mixed among the snaps, whippoorwills (brown peas), okra (fixed in a "made-up" dish with cornbread crumbs and meats, so as to remove the slickness), corn, sweet potatoes, candied pears, eggbread sticks, biscuits, cake and ice cream. Most of the food is produced on the farm—but the milk comes straight from the Lehanon dairy, a fact that would have shocked the farmers of Sam Carver's generation. Joe (with a well-educated eye on the long-term balances of farm economics, insists that he be left free to sell all his milk to the cheese factory or, more rewarding still, let his calves suck longer, thereby adding precious pounds.

Only one night a week—Tuesday at 8 o'clock for *The \$64,000 Question*—does Joe join the rest of the family after supper around the television set. Other nights he goes straight to his room to work over his ledgers or to study one or more of the hundreds of Government bulletins, F.F.A. information sheets, farm papers or textbooks that are available to him. On the wall above his desk are tacked the green sheets of weekly feed prices that he gets from a feed company. On a stool in his bathroom is a copy of the *Farm Journal*. All these are part of a vast farm communications network that has made the modern U.S. farmer the best informed and most up-to-date in the world.

"I Love You." His studying done, Joe crawls into bed, reads a chapter or more of his Bible and rereads that day's letter from his girl, Ann Huffines, of nearby Rough Point, now away at David Lipscomb College in Nashville. Wrote Ann recently: "Hope you are all right and that

your work is coming along all right. I surely do think about you and wish I could see you. The convention in Kansas City is not far away. I'm really excited about going. Guess I'll close for now. Be careful. I love you." Replied Joe: "Well, I have been having some bulldozing work done trying to clean up a little pasture land. Don't guess I'll have too much more done, being as it's expensive." He often falls asleep in mid-letter.

Joe Moore's day has been a full and satisfying one, well-paced, productive, and shaped for efficiency. It requires a real planner to conceive and carry out such a day; modern farming is no job for the amateur, the incompetent, the haphazard



"WOOFIE" AT WORK
Grandpa had no sulfo.

or the lazy. Today's farmer must invest in tractors and other expensive labor-saving equipment. A poor manager has too much to lose and too many ways to lose it.

Young Joe Moore has few worries about losing money this year. With any luck at all, he expects to net from \$8,000 to \$10,000. Young though he is, Joe has spent many a year learning what a Tennessee farmer needs to know to make that kind of money.

The Rule of Thumb. Basic to Joe Moore's childhood was the ownership of livestock. Beginning when he was four, Joe and his sister, Donnetta, shared ownership of lambs deserted by their mothers, feeding them by bottle until they were old enough to go on grass. Already, Joe's hearty appetite for cold cash was apparent: he even made a tidy profit out of his habit of sucking his thumb. For months, both his mother and grandmother put dimes under his pillow every time he went to sleep without his thumb in his mouth. Finally grandmother Carver said: "Joe, this has gone far enough. We'll just have to stop giving you money." Replied Joe: "If you do, I'll keep right on sucking my thumb." And so he did, until he was

in the second grade and decided that he wanted more than anything on earth a Jersey cow that had been offered to his father as payment for a debt. When Joe pleaded to have the cow, his father said: "You can have her if you quit sucking your thumb. None of us must ever see you with your thumb in your mouth again." No one ever did—and "Old Jersey" was kept by Joe as a calf producer and milk cow until she died three years ago.

In grade school, Joe joined the 4-H Club, which, like the Future Farmers, has trained many a fine young farmer (the 4-H Club, with membership of more than 2,000,000, differs from the F.F.A. mainly in taking both boys and girls and in not being tied so directly to high school vocational agriculture). Joe, at the suggestion of his 4-H supervisor, bought a black steer, fed it for five months, and took it to the Nashville Fat Cattle Show, where it did badly. Back home, determined to do better, Joe bought a registered Duroc gilt, then set out to buy some good purebred cattle. He was on his way to a career as a farmer—but a glittering alternative beckoned, just as similarly glittering alternatives have beckoned other farm boys and taken them from the country to the city.

Perhaps as a recurrence of thumb-sucking in a higher form, Joe thought long and seriously about becoming a professional pop singer. For as far back as he could remember, he and Donnetta had sung in the parlor while Thelma Moore beat out tunes on the upright piano. As a duet, Joe and Donnetta appeared on a Cookeville radio station program and at Rotary club and other similar gatherings in the area. A Sinatra-type baritone, Joe made his first trip to Kansas City to sing at the national F.F.A. convention there. For the fact that he is not today draping himself around nightspot microphones, he can thank the Future Farmers of America.

Breaking the Complex. Almost as a matter of course, Joe joined the F.F.A. when he entered high school in Gainesboro. Under his vocational agriculture teacher, Robert ("Woofie") Fox, Joe began studying the schoolbook side of modern farming: crop rotation, contour plowing, terracing, grass and grain mixtures for good cover crops, soil testing, plant foods, livestock bacteria, basic veterinary practice. In shop class, Joe learned how to build hog feeders and cattle chutes, how to wire a barn for electricity, how to hang gates, how to solder and weld, and how to care for his machines. (Lesson I: "Grease is cheaper than bearings.")

From the F.F.A. Joe learned that there is a lot more to modern farming than the techniques of handling plants and animals. In F.F.A. public-speaking and essay contests, he learned to organize his thoughts and express them clearly. In his F.F.A. meetings he became familiar with parliamentary rules of order and fundamentals of self-government. In his trips to national conventions he came to know and understand farm boys from Maine and California, from Hawaii and from Puerto Rico. Says Joe of his benefits from the

F.F.A.: "It's an ideal training ground for qualities like citizenship and leadership. In farming, just like anything else, there are disappointments. A fellow has to learn how to give and take in anything he tries. Here in the F.F.A. there are a lot of awards offered, with thousands of boys all trying to win them. We don't always get what we're aiming for, but we learn how to win and lose in the right way. By inspiring the boy, like the F.F.A. does, it helps him to take better care of what God has given the American people."

Through its teachings, its competitions and its organizational orders of ascendancy, the F.F.A. gave Joe Moore—as it has given thousands of other farm youths—a feeling of worthwhileness and prestige in his school, his community, and even in such cities as Nashville, Knoxville, Kansas City and Chicago. To impart this sense of high standing, thereby breaking down the classic inferiority complex of the farmer in a city-dominated culture, is a key mission of such organizations as the 4-H and the Future Farmers.

Under this influence, Joe took the big step that was to commit him finally to farming. Beginning to make good money from his Durocs, he decided he could do even better with a modern, sanitary farrowing barn. When his father resisted the idea, Joe and Donald came to a resentful impasse before Thelma intervened with a compromise. Donald ended up contributing \$400 toward the new hog barn, with Joe paying another \$600.

The farrowing barn was Joe's first investment in a permanent improvement, and it marked the day when, by spending his hard-earned money on capital equipment he could not sell at the market, he began to tie himself to the farm. His decision to drop music was painful, but Joe Moore says firmly, "I don't like to do anything half." So into the scrap heap went his ideas of singing professionally, into the attic went the tenor saxophone his mother had given him, and into the business of farming went Joe Moore.

From the best Angus breeder in his area he bought "Big Boy," the finest animal Joe has ever owned. To fatten Big Boy for showing, Joe fed him three times a day; he washed him every Saturday, groomed his hide with oil, and got grandmother Carver to put a good square plait in his tail. Result: at the 1949 International Livestock Exposition in Chicago, Big Boy won 16th place among the nation's best Angus, and Joe, kissing Big Boy's poll, got his picture in the Chicago Tribune.

Bad Luck. Still dissatisfied with the quality of his cattle, Joe worked doggedly to improve his herd. A few months later, Joe and Donald Moore drove over to Winchester, Ky., to look around for more cattle. There Joe spotted a pair of beautiful Angus heifers, "the prettiest things you ever saw." But their owner wanted \$500 apiece, and father Donald argued that the price was too high for Joe. Joe reluctantly agreed, spent the rest of the day looking at other cattle. That night Joe took his disappointment back to the

hotel. Still discussing the two heifers he had liked, Joe asked his father hopefully: "You reckon it's the thing?" Donald replied, "I reckon if a man wants a thing bad enough," said he, "it's the thing." Joe bought the heifers.

Both heifers had been bred about two months before, but one apparently lost her calf. Later, the other produced a well-formed calf, but it smothered before Joe found it.

"I think the Lord was testing me," says Joe. In any event, his luck soon turned. An Angus cow produced twin heifers and, the next year, one of the Kentucky heifers delivered "as good a bull calf as you ever saw." Thus, mainly from those early pur-

to the Church of Christ* since Civil War days. Now it was time for Joe to make his decision about entering the church, and it was a decision he faced with dreadful seriousness. Ann, a devout church member, had no intention of marrying an unconverted man. She talked with him for hours about the Bible, pleaded with him to accept the faith. Joe lashed around in his Bible late into the nights, reading time and again *Proverbs 27:12*: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." After a year of inner turmoil, Joe slipped away one weekday and drove to the home of a Church of Christ minister in Carthage. "Preacher," said he, "I want



DONALD, THELMA, DONNEITA & JOE MOORE
Into the attic went the sax.

Arthur Siegel

chases, Joe has built up a strong herd of purebred Angus: 26 cows, including six newly bred heifers, two bulls and two nursing calves. Value: about \$8,000.

Spiritual Crisis. Until his senior year in high school, Joe paid little attention to girls. When his mother, worried about his lack of social life, urged him to date some of the local belles, Joe would reply: "Oh, I don't want to go out with those old girls and spend all that money." Finally, however, he began dating Ann Huffines. On their first date, says Joe, they "talked about the weather, and I liked the way she talked. I've always known there was other girls prettier somewhat than she is, but I found out beauty is only skin deep. I know she'll work with me on the farm—some girls wouldn't—and she might even go out and milk a cow." Will Ann help out with the farm correspondence and book work? Says Joe: "Yes, I figure she'll handle all of it except things about money." In Kansas City last week, Joe and Ann walked hand in hand as they shopped for a diamond ring.

Last year Ann added to a spiritual crisis in Joe's life. Like most Jackson Countians, the adults in Joe's family have belonged

to the Church of Christ* since Civil War days. Now it was time for Joe to make his decision about entering the church, and it was a decision he faced with dreadful seriousness.

Returning to his farm from his Kansas City triumph this week, Joe planned to apply to his debts the \$1,000 that went with his Star Farmer award. His immediate future is made uncertain by his 1-A draft status. But no matter where he is sent or for how long, he will return to the life that, through his troubles as well as his triumphs, he has come to consider the best and the fullest in the world. Says Farmer Joe Moore: "Farming's the closest thing to the Lord you can do. You work with the things the Lord has made and put. The rains don't come and this dies or that dies and you don't make with this and you do make with that. It's just you and Him."

*Members of the Church of Christ are also known as Campbellites, after Thomas Campbell and his son Alexander. In 1809, in Washington, Pa., they rejected Calvinism, formed an association for "the Restoration of the Ancient Order of Things." The Campbellites believe that laymen have the right and duty to preach. Their motto: "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." About 80% of Church of Christ membership (1,500,000) is in rural areas.

TRANSPORTATION

A Desert Tale

For a man in a light aircraft, there is no more pleasant flight than the 209-mile run from San Diego to Phoenix. Soaring high above the saffron badlands and khaki peaks that hake beneath a searing sun, skirting the Mexican border, a man can make it easily in four hours.

With five hours' fuel aboard, Navy Ordnanceman Bill Falls, 22, took off one fine day last month from San Diego's La Mesa Airport in a Taylorcraft borrowed from his best friend, Parachute Rigger Charles Schrieber. A good amateur pilot, Bill had a 24-hour liberty and planned to spend it in Phoenix with his recently widowed mother.

Bill's plane did not land at Phoenix on schedule. A Coast Guard aerial search

looking for any place to land about 1.5 hours before I had to. Couldn't even find a farmhouse. I was on my way back to La Mesa. Needless to say, I didn't make it. The reason the plane hit the tree I don't know. The sun was in my eyes. It sat down alright then she turned and here I am—time now 1900.

"9/19/55. I've been resting here all day. With no water or food I thought it would be best to do less. Went to the seashore and swam. And salty the water. Maybe it's better than nothing. At 1650 today I saw an aircraft. Couldn't get him to see me. He was flying right above me. Then I went to the seashore and had some more water. When I got back I was too weak to get firewood.

"9/20/55. Beleave me, this is a helluva way to spend my birthday.

"9/21/55. Yesterday I saw to aircraft

guts to kill myself. Buddy, it takes guts not to.

"You would never guess what made me come back and try—Johnnie the bartender. The big glass of 7-Up he gives me all the time. I keep seeing them all the time. In case I don't make it back tell him.

"9/22/55. Here I am again. Don't want food. Sure would like a big cold drink you know, like water first, then Koolade all kinds. Course, some 7-Up.

"9/22/55. Take me back dade or alive. If I can't be alive with my mother please take me and lay me by the side of my father. If I'm found in time I would like a funrol just like he had—same place, same songs. And mother after you lay me by father, you get yourself a lot—beside him also.

"9/23/55—Good morning Mr. S. Well I've got one more day we know for sure. You know, Chuck, you and Dick sure would like this place. Quite. Of course don't go through hell like me. Bring your drinking and eating. It don't get even cool, not even the water. Must sound like an old woman. Sure hope today is the last...

"9/24/55—Another day, another drink of water. There is nothing to say except that I'm here and wish I was theirs. I'm going NUTS, that's for sure. Hear airplanes all the time. Talk to myself, course who else is there to talk to.

"9/25/55—Nothing new, just Sunday. Didn't see or hear a thing at all yesterday. Just think it's 0700 and that only makes it 150 hr. from the time I put the T-cart down. It's just a matter of time till they find my body. It's been one week.

"9/26/55—Another plane just went over and still going. This is sure a hell of a way to go. Chuck, with nobody, having nothing, wanting everything. What a man wouldn't give for a drink of water or a big dish of ice cream.

"1600/26/55—Another plane went by.

"9/27/55—Still here.

"Weak, Damn

"Weak

"Another plane.

"Went by:

"Still going,

"The son

"Of a B.

"9/28/55—Still here.

"9/29/55—

Clifford Shinn and his friends tried to take off to notify Mexican authorities. Loose sand bogged them down. Baker and Johnson got out. Shinn took off alone, then landed to try taking his friends again. A tire blew out. Shinn's plane was now useless. Without food or water, the men decided to walk the 60-mile ground route over rocky sands beneath the terrible sun to San Felipe, the hamlet Bill Falls apparently never knew existed.

They walked all night. They walked all the next day. When Shinn reached San Felipe ahead of his lagging companions 24 hours later, he was hysterical and nearly blind. In his hand was Bill Falls's notebook. He had carried it all the way.



Pilot's Body Beside Downed Plane

It takes guts not to,

Low Little—Imperial Valley Press

along his path began the next day. The searchers veered a few miles into Mexico. They found nothing. When Charles Schrieber made anxious inquiries the following day, more planes went up to sweep the desolate route. Again they found nothing, and in a few days the search was abandoned.

Three weeks later, Sportsmen Clifford Shinn, John Baker and Emil Johnson were flying home to Los Angeles in Shinn's Piper Cub after a Mexican fishing trip. At a point 38 air miles south of the fishing village of San Felipe on Mexico's Gulf of California (100 miles south of the border), Shinn spotted a small plane on the desert. He landed near by.

Shirtless and sun-blackened, Bill Falls's body lay face upward under one wing of the crumpled Taylorcraft. Near by was a scrawl-filled notebook addressed to Charles Schrieber. Excerpts:

"9/18/55—Time of landing 17:50. Ran out of gas. Was lost for 2.5 hours. Was

both right over head. The first was yellow and black. And it came over at 14:20. And the other was the same as the day before only 10 min. early—1640. I also went down to the seashore after the last aircraft went by and as I swimming. I saw a boat. I couldn't get him to see me. Chuck, I was looking at the tree that I hit. You know, the old girl did a good job. She went right through. Tore hell out of the tree. But I do want to say that I'm sorry about everything.

"Another thing, Chuck, if the plane is burned that means it was my last chance—not that it makes any difference. I don't know how you would get it out anyway. Also, Chuck, will you see to it that they pour a glass of water on me good and cold.

"Just after I put my pencil down an aircraft went flying by. That did it. I went to the beach planning to kill myself—swim till I couldn't swim no more. I once said that I would never have the

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

SELF GOVERNMENT THE RIGHT OF EVERY COLONY

MONSIGNOR ENRICO CHAPPOULIE,
Bishop of Angers, in Paris' LE MONDE:

COLONIZATION is justified morally to the extent to which it constitutes a service rendered by the colonial power to the people which one day she put under her authority. We mean by this service, primarily education, both moral and material. The end of a well-conducted education must be the emancipation of the educated subject, who has become capable of governing himself through the very activity of his teachers. The Church, therefore, could not accept taking sides with those who hold colonialism as a permanent fact, who lean both on the prestige and material advantages which the mother country draws from her colony and on the pessimistic judgment [that] colored people [are] inferior to their European masters and incapable of ever finding their own happiness in freedom.

However, fruit does not ripen everywhere at the same moment. It is unreasonable to treat, for example, Viet Nam, a land with an old civilization, and a group of mountain tribes from Laos or Africa, still only partly emerged from primitive savagery, in the same way. By wanting to shake off guardianship too quickly—assuming that this guardian is honest and not a tyrant—a population risks falling into anarchy. But to want to hold out in spite of all opposition, faced with a native elite reasonably capable of taking the reins of authority, the colonial power runs the risk of terrible explosions and surely her brutal eviction.

RED CHINA RECOGNITION MAY BE INEVITABLE

DAVID J. DALLIN, *anti-Communist author, in the NEW LEADER:*

TWO Chinas have been in existence for several years and there is little prospect of their merging in the near future. So long as this situation prevails, we shall have to reject the idea of one China, because we cannot turn over the eight million people on Formosa to Communist rule. Nor should our recognition of Peking, if this should occur, affect our close ties with the Republic of China government.

Because we do not recognize the Chinese Communist government, every occasion on which we negotiate with it is regarded by our citizens as a humiliation, and in the Communist capitals as a source of fiendish satisfaction. Negotiations at Geneva concerning U.S. prisoners are being artificially

dragged out by Peking's envoys merely to prolong the delight of seeing *de facto* recognition enforced on the "stubborn" Americans.

We all know the Chinese Communist regime is dictatorial, inhumane, terroristic and slave-driving. But diplomatic recognition and membership in the United Nations cannot be viewed as rewards for democratic virtue.

It is wrong to exaggerate the significance of diplomatic recognition, and it is doubly wrong to concentrate on it in our relations with the Soviet bloc. The Communists have several ways to press us—release of prisoners, trade, travel, etc. If we continue in the present vein, we will remain on the defensive, and the years to come will merely witness one retreat after another.

Nonrecognition of Peking was the only possible course for the United States as long as the Chinese Communists participated as aggressors in the Korean War, trained officers and men for the aggressive war in Indo-China, and assisted in supplying arms from Czechoslovakia and Russia to the Ho Chi Minh forces. Now there remain its preparations for a war against Formosa. So long as these continue, recognition is still impossible.

But should the Chinese Communist government sign an armistice or in some other manner pledge to refrain from military operations against Formosa, the last reason for nonrecognition and nonadmission will have been removed. When, under such conditions, Peking adopts normal attitudes toward foreign nationals, liberates them from her jails and permits their exit, when the usual facilities for the functioning of diplomatic representatives are provided in Peking, the time will have come to revise our position on recognition and admission.

STEVENSON WOULD BE DEMOCRATS' BEST CHOICE

Long Island's NEWSDAY:

THE Democrats [have] an even chance—or perhaps better—of winning the next election. It is therefore the concern of every American, regardless of party, that the Democrats pick the best candidate. Estes Kefauver has neither the stature nor the articulated political principles which the President of the United States should have. Averell Harriman has not yet shown that he leads rather than is led by the Carmine De Sapio-Tammany Hall Democratic political machine that got him elected.

The most powerful argument for Stevenson is not the shortcomings of other candidates. It is Stevenson himself. In the 1952 campaign, after a bril-

liant record as governor of Illinois, he brought a new quality and character to American politics. His slogan "talk sense to the American people" was carried out with few compromises. His appeal to the independent voter is great because—like Eisenhower—Stevenson is not primarily a politician.

U.S. SECURITY PROGRAM A BAR TO PROGRESS

LEE A. DUBRIDGE, *president of the California Institute of Technology, in THE YALE REVIEW:*

HOW are we going to determine who can be trusted to work in the areas of weapon technology where there are secrets to be kept? By the very nature of the problem criteria cannot be laid down and adopted once and for all. Conditions change. When a war is on and lives are at stake we are, oddly enough, willing to take more of a risk in order to get the job done quickly. People who served competently during the war were disqualified later from classified work. The very term "risk" itself implies a danger not fully defined.

Every human being is to some extent a security risk. No one is perfect; no one is immune to being deceived or blackmailed or tortured into giving information; no one is certain never to commit a slightly careless act in handling secret material. At the same time there are urgent jobs to be done. If we trust no one with secrets, then there will be no secrets—for secrets are invented in the brains of fallible human beings. If we disqualify every competent but slightly "imperfect" scientist from working for the government, then we shall surely fail to survive as a nation in the modern world.

There is a crying need today for a reformulation of the concept of a security risk. You may fire a man convicted of petty larceny; but you should not call in the security board. All we are trying to do is to exclude people who might, directly or indirectly, give information to an enemy.

It is often said that security procedures may be justifiably arbitrary because, in any case, "federal employment is a privilege, not a right." As far as most scientists are concerned, it is neither a privilege nor a right, but only a patriotic duty. Often scientists are not paid at all for their advisory services. Yet the government needs good scientists and ought to offer positive inducements to them.

There is a danger of losing classified information and we must adopt reasonable precautions. There is also a danger of losing the technological race for military security. We need to find a balance between these two risks which is more advantageous than at present to the safety of the U.S.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Tiered Up

Many of the Arab League countries are so engrossed with their quarrels with Israel and with Great Britain or France that they pay little heed to the menace of Soviet Communism. However, there is more concern where the Soviet Union is near, and in general, the northern tier of countries have an awareness of the danger. There is . . . a vague desire to have a collective security system.

—John Foster Dulles, June 1, 1953

In the 28 months since the U.S. Secretary of State made this statement, allied diplomats have worked to turn a vague desire into a concrete fact. Their first re-

A measure of the chain's value was Soviet Russia's vigorous pressure against Iran's joining. For months, Soviet diplomats worked above and below ground to keep the last link from closing. "As a good neighbor," a top Soviet diplomat warned Iran, "Russia is ready to settle all pending accounts with you without fuss, but there are certain evil hands which give you a dagger to injure her face. That you must not do." Russians wine and dined Iranian officials, offered free newsprint to neutralist newspapers. Premier Bulganin invited Shah Reza Pahlavi and his Queen to Moscow, but the cautious young Shah postponed the visit. Said he last week: "The neutrality and peaceful intentions of the Iranian nation in two world wars did not save our country from aggres-

sive missions, archaeologists, people of agriculture and so on" were on their way from Russia to Egypt.

An Advantage. The Communists could hardly have hoped for quicker or more emphatic results. Whipped to a fever by their leaders' boasts of what the Czech arms will do, Egyptians paraded in the streets, and dark-eyed belly-dancers canvassed the city in a mammoth "Arms Fund Drive" to help Premier Gamal Nasser's government pay for the incoming weapons. By week's end, more than \$1,000,000 had been subscribed. Arab League leaders, gathered in Cairo to confer with U.S. Envoy Eric Johnston over final detail of the U.S.-backed Jordan River plan, were emboldened to put off a project designed to give the Arabs water



ward came in February, when Turkey and Iraq signed a mutual-defense pact in Baghdad. Britain, representing Cyprus, joined in April. Pakistan in July. Last week Iran signed up, and the "Northern Tier" became one of the important realities of international politics.

Closing Link. Four countries with 123 million people, reaching in an east-west chain from the Bosphorus to the Himalayas (see map), are now—but for the formality of Iran's parliamentary approval—bound to come to each other's aid in the event of armed attack on any one of them. Between them, they have 50 standing divisions, some better than others, but all with a share of modern weapons. Through Turkey, on the west flank, they are linked with NATO; through Pakistan, on their east flank, they are linked with SEATO. Thus the Northern Tier completes a collective-security system which, with the U.S. at its center, now stretches around the earth.

sion." Foreign Minister Molotov thundered back: "The pact . . . is inconsistent with the peace and security of the Middle East and runs against the friendly relations between Soviet Russia and Iran."

The peace and security of the Middle East were indeed menaced last week—not in Iran, but in Egypt. The first shipment of Communist arms (mostly small-caliber weapons) reached Cairo from Czechoslovakia. Emerging from the Egyptian foreign office, where he is a frequent and welcome visitor these days, Soviet Ambassador Daniel Solod urbanely told newsmen that the Communists now hope to extend their new relationship into all phases of Middle Eastern life. Said he: "Soviet foreign policy . . . is to develop relations . . . in political, economic and cultural fields." Solod confirmed reports that Russia had offered to build Egypt's High Dam. Premier Nasser's No. 1 economic project, and added that already "scien-

tific missions, archaeologists, people of irrigation and means for the resettlement of Arab refugees from Palestine.

"The arms deal has thrown a bombshell into the whole Middle Eastern situation," said one Western diplomat. "It has distracted the attention of the Arab world from constructive projects and focused it on destructive ones."

Across the border, Israel rustled with concern, noted that the current Egyptian military budget was almost three times that of Israel. Said Premier-Designate Ben-Gurion: "Israel has a better army . . . but her armament is far below the general standard of that of the Arab armies. Our only advantage over our neighbors is in the quality of our personnel." While it was hard to believe that the Communists would endanger the great credit they had built up with the Arabs by also offering to sell arms to their hated Israeli enemies, there was an unofficial report from U.N. sources—given credence by the U.S.—that the Reds were

doing just that. This gave Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban a chance to say that Israel would refuse any such offer.

Outright Struggle. As a possible prelude to a formal plea for U.S. arms, Israel proposed that the U.S. should guarantee the borders between Israel and the Arab states, as suggested by Dulles last August. Retorted Syrian Ambassador Farid Zeineddine: "Any U.S. security guarantee for Israel would very probably create outright struggle." The tension was dangerously high—so high, in fact, that the U.S. and Great Britain felt it necessary solemnly to warn Israel against any thought of preventive war.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Reunion

Seldom in the history of journalism has so much been written by so many who knew so little. For more than two years, the press of much of the English-speaking world has spun out the tale of British Princess Margaret's romance with R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend in cotton-candy clouds of circumstance, tidbit, speculation, opinion and surmise. Last week Margaret and Captain Townsend converged on London from opposite directions, and the tale spun dizzy on. To all intents and purposes, the climactic chapter of the world's most romantic cliff-hanger was about to be unfolded.

Tense Hands & Phone Call. Airman Townsend, slim, wavy-haired fighter-pilot hero of the Battle of Britain, was the first to get to London. Looking fit and 41, he arrived with his Nile green Renault sedan on a Bristol cargo plane at Lydd airport, packed his gear and his gentleman-jockey's tack into the back seat, and drove straight to the Lowndes Square home of Marquess Abergavenny, a close friend of the royal family. That same evening the press learned that Princess Margaret was due in from Scotland next morning. A battery of reporters stood at Euston Station to note the Princess' tensely clenched hands and nervous glances as she stepped off the train. Something was in the air.

That afternoon Peter Townsend went shopping with Mrs. John Wills, the Princess' first cousin, best friend, and the mother of Margaret's first goddaughter. Back at Lowndes Square, Peter got a phone call from Clarence House. An hour later he arrived at the mansion where Margaret and her mother live, and was instantly admitted—to meet Margaret for the first time since the summer of 1954, when he paid her a secret visit under the cognito, "Mr. Carter." Two hours later Townsend emerged, smiling but tactfully close-mouthed. "Are you happy?" asked one reporter. "Yes," answered the captain.

Amendment & Assent. Next day Clarence House officially announced that "no announcement concerning Princess Margaret's future is at present contemplated," and urged the press "to extend to Her Royal Highness their customary courtesy in respecting her privacy." But hot on the



Associated Press

THE PRINCESS

Happy, said the goddaughter.

heels of this announcement, the Princess and the Commoner sped off for a weekend in the country, traveling separately but meeting at the Wills' vast, parklike estate in Berkshire. Hordes of newsmen and photographers collected outside its wrought-iron gates. Desperate for news they moved in hungrily on the only source at hand, seven-year-old Marilyn Wills when she strolled down to the gates. What is going on? they asked.

"There was a big dinner," reported Marilyn solemnly. "Champagne."

And Princess Margaret? "She has been sitting in front of the fire," said Marilyn, sucking an orange contemplatively. "Sometimes she wishes upstairs and she

hasn't gone outdoors at all, but she looks happy all the same."

The extended reunion and the cordiality of the setting contributed mightily to the notion that love had triumphed over pomp, circumstance, and the Church of England's stoutly maintained objection to the Princess' marriage with a man who had divorced the mother of his two children. The stage was set for the crucial scenes. What form would they take?

This week Queen Elizabeth returns to London from Scotland. Her first official business and that of her Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, may be the formal consideration of Margaret's problem. In all likelihood, the Cabinet will then prepare a statement of abdication on Margaret's behalf to lay before Parliament when it reconvenes on Oct. 25. With the Princess agreeing to renounce all rights of succession to the throne, Parliament will then either amend or repeal the archaic Royal Marriage Act, which is now the only legal barrier standing in her way. The Princess will be free at last to marry her Commoner.

Fire & Suet Dough

Labor Party leaders met for their annual conference last week in a mood of breast-beating, recrimination and bitter division. The party had suffered a crushing defeat, its leader was aging and ailing it was angrily divided between moderates and left-wingers. Before the delegates was a 30,000-word report documenting its failures. "We are an aging party . . . We are entirely failing to appeal to youth." But the whisper that went round the bars of Margaret with the greatest insistence was: "Clem must go. If he won't go himself, someone will have to tell him."

But Clem Attlee, who at 72 has been Labor's leader for 20 years, sat calmly pulling at his pipe, while Bevanites and moderates raged at each other. Said one delegate: "I see both sides. Some of the union bosses are ruthless and overbearing. Some of the left-wing delegates are ambitious and influenced by the Communists. We must have a leader powerful enough to reconcile and lead both wings."

Jolly Old Ellectorate. From the outset, it was clear that the moderates were in firm control. Fractious Nye Bevan noisily challenged Hugh Gaitskell, whom he considers his chief antagonist and rival for the post of party treasurer. Gaitskell won by a 5-to-1 margin. The defeat seemed only to inspire Bevan to new onslaughts. He charged that the party has become dominated by the huge trade unions. Labor's answer to the Tories, he shouted, should be not change but a return to the old hell-fire Socialism and nationalization of almost everything. "You are not Socialists!" he thundered.

Up jumped spiny old Herbert Morrison, his near-white cowlick standing up more jauntily than ever. Now that his chance was coming to lead, Morrison was not going to let anyone out-Socialize him. "My test of a person on the left is what he gets done," he snapped, and pointed out

(continued on page 26)



United Press

THE COMMONER

Happy, said the captain.

TURKEY: A Friend in Trouble

OIL for the machines of Turkey lay bottled in the bowels of tankers last June while representatives of four big oil companies served notice on the Turkish government: unless some \$50 million in past oil bills was settled, the new shipments would not be unloaded. With only a week's oil in reserve, the government did some frantic juggling and scraped together a payment.

The U.S.'s strongest ally in the Middle East is so strapped that it can barely pay its day-to-day bills.

A newspaper editor reported one day last summer that while Premier Adnan Menderes was off on a trip, some political scalawagging was going on inside the ruling Democratic Party. "While the cat's away," wrote the editor, "the mice will play." The editor was arrested, and only by appeal to a higher court escaped a jail sentence of six months. His crime: imputing animal characteristics to the Premier.

"In Turkey," said a troubled Istanbul man, "it is still possible to be a free man, a free journalist, or a free judge—if you are willing to take the risk."

Only yesterday Turkey had seemed a solid rock in the free world's sea of uncertainties. Now it is a hothoused hastyon. Its economy is sick and its government is flirting with bankruptcy. Its brief but intense experience with democracy is afflicted with a return of the familiar weapons of autocracy.

What has gone wrong, and what can be done about it? These questions, raised for months past, concern more than tough, debonair Adnan Menderes, his government and his 23 million countrymen. All the other allies of NATO have cause to worry about the health of the member that anchors NATO's Eastern wing, provides the allies' largest single bloc of soldiers (the entire Turkish army of 500,000 men), and stands stoutly across the Black Sea from Russia. The U.S., in particular, has cause for concern. It cannot let Turkey sink, and Turkey insists that the U.S. owes it the means to stay afloat. The proposed means: a \$300 million loan, no strings attached. The U.S. reply: no more loans until Turkey puts its economic house in order. The question: Who will back down first?

Scrap Iron & Will

The Turkish problem grows in great part out of a commendable urge, an almost feverish yearning, to become overnight a dynamic, industrial nation. For a nation forged only 32 years ago out of the scrap iron of the broken-down Ottoman Empire and the hot will of the late great Kemal Ataturk, for a people who for centuries left the complexities of commerce to their Greek and Armenian subjects, the Turks have made historic progress. In the five years since Premier Menderes left his Opposition bench in the Assembly to lead the Democrats to a stunning upset victory over the Republicans, he has gone all out to expand Turkey's productive capacity.

On the surface, the record has been amazing. Setting aside half its budget for defense, Turkey has put 22 divisions into NATO, doubled its output of steel, cement, textiles. It has built 7,000 miles of road and started a dozen multipurpose dam projects. Its most spectacular gain has been in agriculture, where, with the help of subsidies and 40,000 imported tractors, it has doubled the tilled land and turned the country into an exporter of wheat and cotton.

"But the Turks," explained one important U.S. official recently, "... have tried to cram 50 years' progress into five; they just don't have the economic base to do it." In the midst of great accomplishment, troubles have bred like termites. In the pellmell rush of putting up factories, dredging ports, bulldozing roads, planting new crops, nobody found time or talent to coordinate and manage all the projects. Factories were located in one part of the country, the electric power to operate

them in another. Sugar mills seemed to get built near voters, not beet fields. As soon as new cement plants got into production, their output poured off into the walls of speculative apartment houses in Istanbul instead of more urgently needed factory floors. When Turkey's huge new wheat crops poured to market, no facilities were there for cleaning the grain, and the wheat had to be downgraded for its impurities.

A Martini a Day

Pledged to maintain both a free economy and a breakneck pace of expansion, Turkey became more and more overextended. At home, Farmer Menderes staunchly refused (and still does) to extend the income tax to farmers, who represent 80% of the population and the bulk of Menderes' party's electoral support. The country exhausted its foreign-exchange reserves and ran up foreign debts, which continue to grow at the rate of \$1,000,000 weekly. For months Turkey has been living hand-to-mouth, paying such urgent bills as last June's oil-company duns out of current earnings.

Shortages have grown worse. Chrome-mining firms cannot even get enough foreign exchange to buy dynamite; textile mills have closed because they cannot get funds to import wool tops and dyes. The sinking state of Turkey's credit has scared off foreign enterprises who might otherwise have taken advantage of Menderes' generous terms for new oil and other foreign investments.

Last week the free-market rate of the Turkish lira sagged to nine to the dollar (the official rate: 2.8 to \$1). The cost of living has been rising 30% a year for the last three years. Coffee is almost unobtainable. Hardships are greatest in the cities, where a laborer must work three days to buy a pair of shoes, and a tourist at the bar of the new Istanbul Hilton Hotel pays six liras—almost a workman's entire one-day pay—for a martini.

Inflation and the lopsided boom have bred many millionaires. But Turkey's trouble has mostly bred deep discontent. It boiled viciously to the surface last month in the Istanbul and Izmir riots. They began, ironically, in what was almost certainly a government-inspired plan for demonstrations against Greece's claims to Cyprus (TIME, Oct. 3). But before the nasty surge was checked, it had swept beyond minorities, to strike at many Turks as well—a raging protest against high prices, low wages, and the sight of luxury in its midst. Trying to call off a mob from burning a Greek church, a Turkish woman lawyer, Sürreyya Agaoglu, shouted from her balcony that the marauders were endangering their own homes. "What have we to lose but a blanket and a pot?" came a harrikan's screech from the mob. "You wait in your fine home. Your turn will come!" By then it was poor against rich.

Premier Menderes reacted in a manner characteristic of autocrats, but puzzling for one duly elected and re-elected by great majorities and seemingly backed by 500 of the 541 delegates in Parliament. He blamed the whole thing on the Communists, summoned the Assembly to approve a state of martial law. It was not, however, the first demonstration of Democrat Menderes' liberties with democratic procedure. Under its repressive, criticism-squelching 1954 press law, the Menderes regime has arrested some 40 journalists. The once independent judiciary has been placed under the public prosecutor's thumb.

Fund of Maneuver

Thirty years of Turkish politics have caloused any soft spots in Menderes' disposition. Born to cotton-planting wealth (in a family that took its name from the River Meander of classic fame), he studied at the American College in Izmir, took a law degree but has never practiced. Menderes dislikes criticism—none of his original Cabinet has survived in the



PREMIER MENDERES



ADVISER THORNBURG



NEGOTIATOR ZORLU

same office. "Anybody who shows any spirit goes out," says a British observer. Because 90 Democratic Deputies showed enough spirit to object to his quick decree of martial law after the riots, Menderes last week fired one of their leaders out of the party central committee, later expelled nine other Deputies from the party. Next day, ten more Deputies quit the party with an angry cry of "dictatorship." But even though his popular and political support may have slumped, there are no Turks in view to challenge Menderes for the right to govern Turkey.

Those concerned with Turkey's sore plight wish that the Premier had shown himself as diligent in dealing with Turkey's deepening economic crisis as in dealing with his critics. They attribute much of this inconsistency to the man whom Menderes has chosen to direct economic affairs, a suave and resourceful protégé named Fatin Rustu Zorlu.

Zorlu is an ambitious, Paris-schooled diplomat who has risen swiftly to the posts of Deputy Premier and Acting Foreign Minister by his talent for improvising debt settlements, spouting statistics, and providing his boss with arguments to show that Turkey's economic situation is basically shipshape. Turkey's foreign-exchange deficits, Zorlu explains, are paltry little imbalances caused by the passing inconvenience of a couple of drought-shriveled harvests in a row. All the country needs is a "fund of maneuver," say \$300 million, to see it through till the development program starts paying off around 1958. This, Zorlu insists, is where the U.S. should step in with its purse. Says Zorlu: "Turkey is confident of itself. We can overcome our difficulties even alone—but we will arrive more quickly if we are aided."

To get the "fund of maneuver," Zorlu first went to the International Bank. The bank said it could advance no more funds unless the Turks drastically overhauled their policy and established their financial solvency. Menderes next called in an old friend, Max Thornburg, a rich, retired U.S. oil executive of 63 who lives on his own island in the Persian Gulf and devotes much of his time and widely admitted talents to helping Middle Eastern governments with their economic planning. Thornburg told Menderes that 1) he was rushing ahead too fast with his industrial-development program; 2) there was so little overall planning and scientific management that barely half of the capital that Turkey was pouring into new industries was paying off in productive output. Thornburg's recommendations: immediate appointment of a coordinating committee with strong powers to channel investment, materials and production; postponement of some new capital projects into the 1960s; firm controls on imports, credit and priorities.

Thornburg's recommendations apparently

went to roost in an Ankara pigeonhole, and Diplomat Zorlu turned to the U.S. for \$300 million. Zorlu's argument was spare and simple: surely the U.S. would not let a stout ally down in its hour of need. Some Washington official used the word "blackmail."

The U.S. has poured more than \$1.5 billion in military and economic aid into Turkey since 1948—with no regrets, and indeed, with results that speak well for Turkey. Stoutly anti-Communist well before the Western countries awoke to the extent of the U.S.S.R. menace, Turkey plunged resolutely into beefing up its army, sent a valiant 4,500-man brigade and replacements to Korea, accepted and promoted John Foster Dulles' concept of the "Northern Tier" alliance (see above). Last April Zorlu himself skillfully carried the West's position into the Bandung conference.

The Waiting Game

All this stout performance merely made it harder for U.S. officials to give their answer when Zorlu arrived in Washington last summer and formally held out his hand. The State Department had come generally to the same conclusions as Max Thornburg, was, if anything, more certain that Turkey's present course leads to bankruptcy. Additional U.S. millions, Zorlu was told, would merely stay the day, and Turkey would be back in a matter of months for more. When U.S. Treasury Secretary George Humphrey went to Turkey last month for the World Bank meeting, he put the U.S. position directly to Menderes himself.

Not even the tough no of tough George Humphrey swayed Adnan Menderes. Having exhausted the advice of one invited guest and turned down the advice of its ally, the Turkish government called in yet another adviser to give it the benefit of his advice and his knowledge of the ways of U.S. Government.

As the legal counsel to the Turkish government in the U.S. (TIME, Oct. 16), Manhattan Lawyer Thomas E. Dewey has already taken a look at Turkey's economic affairs and will soon be busy in the U.S. studying what can be done about them. Turkey seems to expect that in return for his retainer—\$150,000—Tom Dewey will be able to turn a loud no into a multimillion-dollar yes. But Dewey carefully cleared his plans with the State Department before taking on the assignment, and he was told that the best service he could render his clients would be to show them why the U.S. answer must continue to be no.

Obviously, some very tough people have come to a very tough impasse. The Turks seem confident that they can outstare the U.S. The U.S. is staring back, in the belief that Adnan Menderes will be the first to blink and give ground.



COUNSEL DEWEY

that he had brought in the first public-ownership bill back in 1931. The Bevanites howled with rage. Morrison persisted: "You have to consider the jolly old electorate and what it will swallow. The British are not going to take in one election program the public ownership of all industry."

Hugh Gaitskell, whom many of the hornyhanded old Socialists consider too academic as a candidate for leader, seized the chance to show some ginger. "I am a Socialist because I hate and loathe social injustice, because I hate the class structure that disfigures our society, because I hate poverty and squalor!" he cried. "Nationalization is a means, and not an end in itself." The delegates, surprised at such spice, roared an ovation.

A Fat Lot of Fire. Between times, the delegates uncertainly considered the future. "Labor's afraid of prosperity," warned the miners' Sam Watson. "Maybe we did found the party out of bitterness and hardship, but those days are gone. Our task now is to learn to enjoy plenty." The party executive's best proposal was a three-year study to shape policy on specific problems. "That's a fat lot of fire to take home to the boys," grumbled one delegate. "Lump of suet dough, that's what I call it."

The bitterness between the factions took up so much time that the conference never did get around to debating much of anything else. Attlee's personal choice was his old friend and onetime Colonial Secretary Jim Griffiths, a popular, trouble-soothing Welshman out of the mines. But the party was more likely to choose Deputy Leader Morrison or up-and-coming Hugh Gaitskell. Even Attlee himself felt, for his own reasons, that "Clem must go." At week's end he told one Labor leader in strictest confidence: "I will go at the end of the month."

WEST GERMANY

Last of the Mavericks

Postwar West Germany has had three singular Socialist mayors who stood as stoutly against Communism as they did against Nazism, stood for alliance with the West against the dogma of their party's national leaders. Berlin's Ernst Reuter, defender of freedom's outpost during airlift days, died two years ago; soon afterward Hamburg's Max Brauer, sometime naturalized citizen of the U.S., was defeated at the polls. That left Wilhelm Kaisen, rebuilder of Bremen. Last week in the city-state of Bremen, smallest of West Germany's states, voters handed Kaisen's Social Democratic Party a handsome victory and *Bürgermeister* Kaisen, 68, a fourth term.

City Farmer. Kaisen is a rare type—a big-city mayor who lives on and works his own farm. He has run Bremen since a summer's day in 1945, when a U.S. colonel came up to him as he tramped behind a plow-pulling pair of oxen. Would he care to be *Bürgermeister* of Bremen, the colonel asked. "No," Kaisen snorted through

his mustache. "the Nazis destroyed this well-ordered state. They are the ones who should have to rebuild it." The colonel returned with some prominent *Bürger*. They persuaded Kaisen to accept.

The son of a Socialist carpenter, Kaisen went to the party school in Berlin with Wilhelm Pieck, now puppet President of East Germany, grew up in Bremen's Socialist politics, was clapped into jail by the Nazis, released after two months and ordered to stay out of his city. Kaisen went no farther than the bleak moor, seven miles from Bremen, where the U.S. colonel found him.

The Hustler. *Bürgermeister* Kaisen took over a city 65% destroyed. More than 5,900,000 cu. yds. of rubble was hauled away, and Bremen was rebuilt on modern lines. Kaisen hastened recovery by going to Washington and persuading the



BREMEN'S MAYOR KAISEN
Still behind the plow.

U.S. to remove an allied restriction on shipbuilding, wheedled \$20 million of U.S. aid for shipyard repairs.

When his party took a licking in the Lower Saxony state elections last spring, Kaisen concluded that it had harped too much on national issues and foreign policy, decided to fight Bremen's election on strictly local issues, even hustled tubby Socialist Chief Erich Ollenhauer out of town when he came to support the campaign.

The strategy paid off with 52 of the 100 *Bürgerschaft* (city-state parliament) seats for Kaisen's Socialists, a gain of six and a clear majority for the first time. Christian Democrats were held to 18 seats. The election entitled *Bürgermeister* Kaisen to convert Bremen's coalition government into a wholly Socialist affair, but instead he invited Christian Democrats and Free Democrats, their right-wing cousins, to go right on helping him run Bremen.

FRANCE

Graveyard Smell

"I'm exhausted!" cried Premier Edgar Faure. It was 4 a.m., and intermittently for three days and continuously for the last 14 hours, France's National Assembly had been dreading debating Faure's policy for Algeria. The policy had to be the "middle course of integration," said Faure. "Assimilation" was impracticable; "secession" was unacceptable. Faure proposed a program of land reforms, stepped-up investments and increased political liberties, including "free, democratic elections" (a suggestion that, heretofore, elections had been neither).

Faure could read little but hostility in the faces confronting him. The Socialists, who a few days before had saved him by approving his Moroccan policy, did not think his Algerian reforms went far enough. The right-wingers thought they went too far. Most hostile of all were the Gaullists, nominally a part of his majority; they "liked his policy but not his government."

Faure was not deceived. Shaking his fist at the Gaullists, he accused them of trying to overthrow him at all costs. "Your game is crystal-clear. You want to prevent me from applying my Moroccan policy endorsed last Sunday," he cried. Privately, the Gaullists admitted the truth of the charge. At last Faure wearily posed the Algerian program as a vote of confidence in himself, and set the vote for early this week. Quipped a left-wing Deputy: "There is a pleasant graveyard smell here."

The Deputies returned to their constituencies to consider the fate of France's 21st government in nine years. In their absence, Premier Faure, to present returning Deputies with the sense of something being accomplished, pushed and prodded until at last he was able to announce that the long-promised throne council had been set up to govern Morocco.

If that did not work, and the Deputies returned in the same distemper they left in, Faure was clearly doomed. But one thought gave pause. With nearly general approval in France, Faure had ordered France's delegation out of the U.N. Assembly on the ground that Algeria is an internal problem that France will settle internally. If Faure were to be overthrown, would it not be a tacit confession that France was incapable of devising any policy at all for Algeria?

Sticking point in formation of the Moroccan throne council has been the choice of a "neutral" third member. Both sides have long accepted 1) Mohammed el Mokri, the 108-year-old Grand Vizier, as representative of the traditionalist supporters of ex-Sultan Ben Arafat, and 2) Si M'Barek Ben Mustapha el Bekkai, 48-year-old idol of Moroccan nationalists, as representative of ex-Sultan Ben Youssef. But French colonists feared the influence of Si Bekkai, whom they regarded as a dangerous extremist. Final solution was to

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CARIBBEAN CRUISES



dilute Si Bekkai's influence by adding not one but two more "moderate" members—one a young (38), obscure Berber chieftain called Si Tahar ou Ali Assou Loudyi, the other an old (71), respected jurist and doctor of Koranic law, Si Mohammed Shih. The council's first task: to designate a Moroccan Premier to form a representative Moroccan government.

The Happy Jail

Up to 1947, the prisoners pent behind the grim stone walls of the old prison in the little Normandy town of Pont-l'Évêque were an unimaginative crew—mostly drunks, chicken thieves, wife-beaters and petty racketeers—and their prison life was as dreary as their crimes. Then, on a certain hot afternoon in July, a new warden took over. Pert as a pouter pigeon, rotund little Fernand Billia was a jailer less interested in penology than in poetry and strong *pastis* (a variant of absinthe). With plenty of verses and good drink to hand, Billia could find even a prison wilderness paradise enough.

On his very first rounds of Pont-l'Évêque prison, Warden Billia found a kindred spirit in René Grainville, a forger and car thief. "You know," René told him, "I'm only here because of wild oats sown in my youth. I'm really a poet, and I've written several novels." Billia was fascinated. "You," Billia said at last, "are obviously misplaced. I appoint you prison accountant."

The Special Cases. Scarcely had Grainville moved into his new post when another prisoner, a petty thief named Jean Manguy, caught the warden's ear with some choice views on Baudelaire, Proust and Dramatist Henry Bernstein. "Ah," said Warden Billia. "I appoint you my private secretary."

From then on, life within the walls of Pont-l'Évêque underwent a subtle change. With Convicts Grainville and Manguy in virtually complete charge, the new chief warden found plenty of time to enjoy his poetry and his *pastis*. The prisoners got keys to their cells and were permitted to move about at will. Unexplained guests came and went. Rude prison fare was augmented with Epicurean delicacies. Many prison inmates began to take their breakfast in bed, and often, at the dinner hour, they wandered out for an *apéritif* in the village cafés. A crude guard who protested such goings-on was sternly reprimanded by Warden Billia. "These men," said the warden, "are intellectuals. This is a special case." To Billia himself, the prisoners returned kindness for kindness. One night, when two prisoners found Billia lying drunk on the sidewalk, they thoughtfully loaded him into a wheelbarrow and trundled him back to jail.

Only Words. Like all good things, however, the happy life at Pont-l'Évêque was eventually soured by those who took too great advantage of it. The principal serpent in Warden Billia's paradise was an ardent, free-lancing lover who sent so many uncensored love letters that authorities took notice. An investigation followed,



EX-WARDEN BILLIA

The pen is mightier than the pen.

and the carefree warden was arrested along with eight of his prisoners.

Last week, no longer a warden, Fernand Billia went on trial for "criminal negligence." One of the beneficiaries of his kindness, himself on trial for forging his own passes out of the prison, did his best to help. "Sometimes I gave him a swig of red Bordeaux or a chicken wing," testified the prisoner. "He was my guest, that's all." Billia's lawyer entered an eloquent appeal: "Billia is a pioneer of the new penitentiary doctrine which, so far as possible, would keep the prisoner from any contact with the prison." But all this was of no avail. Ex-Warden Billia was sentenced to serve three years at hard labor in a tougher prison, where *liberté, égalité* and *fraternité* are only words on official documents.

SPAIN

The Wall of Flesh

One of the modern reforms instituted by Spain's short-lived (1931-36) democratic republic was the outlawry of prostitution. When Dictator Franco seized power, he reinstituted prostitution, set a minimum age of 23 for admission to the profession, charged the police with responsibility for seeing that prostitutes were registered and had regular medical checkups. But Franco's police, tough on politicals, are lax with prostitutes: only 13,000 cardholders are on their books, but an estimated 100,000, many of them under 23, ply their trade freely. In many of the most elegant bars and cafés of Madrid, there are now so many women for hire that respectable *caballeros* no longer take their wives or fiancées to such places after 7 p.m. Spain has a frightening venereal-disease rate: some 300,000 cases annually in public dispensaries, an unknown number treated privately or not at all.

Alarmed by the increasing number of prostitutes passing through the University of Granada's Clinical Hospital, tall, bicycle-riding University Chaplain Father José García two years ago set up a rehabilitation program which proved so successful that he began a nationwide crusade. Father García fired off a circular to government ministers, church leaders and Roman Catholic intellectuals, denouncing legalized prostitution as "the major shame of the nation." The appeal brought only one response, but an important one: in Madrid, Jesuit Father José María Llanos, spiritual counselor of the Falange Youth Front, reprinted Father García's circular in the Falangist daily *Arriba*, followed it up with a stinging column accusing Spain's upper classes of favoring prostitution as a means of protecting their own virtue. "The best people," said Father Llanos, "want to assure the beautiful innocence of their sons and daughters by means of a very original barricade, one constructed of the souls and bodies of thousands of poor women." Concluded Llanos: "This wall of flesh must go."

With Father Llanos' backing, García got Primate of Spain Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel behind his campaign. He obtained the cardinal's signature, together with those of the Minister of Justice, the President of the Supreme Court and other top-ranking citizens, to a memorandum on prostitution listing a dozen tragic case histories, including that of a 14-year-old girl sold into white slavery by her mother for 700 pesetas (\$17.50). The memorandum was sent to Franco, who replied through channels that he had "taken note" of it. Last week Franco ordered his Minister of Justice to solve the problem "with all possible speed."

CHINA

Problem City

Shanghai is the biggest city a Communist regime has ever tried to digest. It has also proved the most indigestible. Tough, resilient, raised on the vigorous traditions of free enterprise, Shanghaianders made little effort to conceal their contempt when Mao Tse-tung's troops entered in 1949, chuckled with sophisticated delight at such jokes as the story of a young officer fresh from the caves of Yenan who washed the dust from his rice ration in a hotel toilet bowl. "Just wait and see," went a confident Shanghai refrain. "We'll change the Communists."

The Communists did all the changing. In 1952 and 1953, Shanghai bore the brunt of Peking's bloody campaigns against "capitalists and counter-revolutionaries." The city's dog track was converted into an auditorium, its Great World gambling hall into a theater, its race course into a parade ground. Still Shanghai persisted in being a problem city. Its teeming slums gave refuge to a steady flow of anti-Communists and criminals. Long after its shops and factories could provide jobs, they attracted hundreds of thousands who came from the starving hinterland in



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hopes of livelihood, thereby increasing unemployment, crime and supply problems. The city's population rose from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 in six years.

Abnormally Developed. Under their Five Year Plan, the Communists proclaimed that industry must be shifted from the old seaboard cities to new centers in the interior. One of the first moves: transplant Shanghai's textile mills, heart of the city's industry, to cotton-growing areas. Last spring came an even stiffer edict. "It is absolutely necessary to reduce the population," decreed the city's Communist People's Congress. The reported goal: 50%. Explained the newspaper *Sin Wen Daily*: "Shanghai was abnormally developed . . . for the benefit of imperialism, bureaucratic capital and feudalism."

A big "back-to-the-village" drive swept over Shanghai. "Volunteer" migrants were picked up by the government, persuaded when possible by a saturation propaganda campaign, more often forced to leave by such devices as canceled food ration cards.

Begging for Jobs. Between April and last month, 500,000 peasants were sent back to their villages. In one month, 35,000 pedicab and rickshaw men "volunteered" to migrate to northern Kiangsu; in one day 4,000 sampan dwellers left for inland cities. The government press reported proudly that 80% of the city's university students and flocks of physicians were begging for frontier jobs.

Altogether, according to the Communists' own figures, nearly 1,000,000 were bulldozed out of the city. But recently—apparently at the end of August—the pressure suddenly lifted, and the drive came to a temporary halt. Last week in Hong Kong, three Belgian priests who had left Shanghai a few days previously, reported that the drive "has met so much opposition, created so many difficulties" that it is at a "virtual standstill."

INDONESIA

That Woman of Solo

And if ye are apprehensive that ye shall not deal fairly with orphans, then, of other women, who seem good in your eyes, marry but two, or three, or four, and if ye still fear that ye shall not act equitably, then one only.

—Mohammed, in the Koran

The men of Indonesia might worry about the final count in the new recent nip-and-tuck election: the women were far more exercised about "that woman of Solo."

"That woman" is Heriati Hartini Suwondo, the lissome divorcee that President Soekarno secretly married over a year ago. The women had not minded when Soekarno divorced his first wife for cause—childlessness—and took a new wife, Fatmawati, in 1942. Fatmawati bore him two boys and two girls, and took her place as the nation's First Lady. But Hartini was something else again.

Soekarno met Hartini in 1953 during a ceremonial visit to Solo, in Central Java.



MADAME SOEKARNO No. 3 & SON
 The first is second, the second first.

Long before, according to the outraged ladies, Hartini had been only intermittently attentive to her husband and five children. In the months that followed, Hartini was rarely at home, and Indonesian society clattered with talk of the President's clandestine romance. A year ago, a leading women's organization circulated a letter to women's clubs charging that Soekarno had married his girl. Only then did Soekarno admit that he had taken Hartini as a second wife in June 1954, and claimed that she had been divorced long before he met her. The women, suspecting Hartini's reputation, promptly dug out the fact that Hartini's divorce was not entered officially until April 1954. Moslem law requires the elapse of three menstrual periods before a divorced woman can remarry. Thus, the ladies calculated, Hartini had violated Moslem law. Soon she was delivered of a son.

Even then the women might have subsided if Hartini had been content to accept the modest status of second wife. But she briskly moved her whole Solo household and her five children into Bogor Palace, began to entertain old friends, receive officials and carry on for all the world like Indonesia's First Lady, while Fatmawati shrank into the background. Whenever Soekarno traveled, Hartini traveled with him.

In protest, the women organized deliberate snubs. During the recent election campaign, the women sent delegations to greet Soekarno. But when Hartini stepped down from the plane, the delegation would turn and march off. They waited on officials, demanding that they snub her. To one irate delegation, Premier Harahap explained that on one occasion he had intended only to shake hands with the President. But Hartini determinedly went up to him with outstretched hand. "What



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could I do but accept her hand!" bleated Harahap.

Last week, buckling before the demands of women's organizations, Premier Harahap authorized a special commission to establish a protocol "governing the married life or lives" of the President and other top officials. The unrelenting women were busy scouring Java for copies of a book which Soekarno had written in his more dispassionate days, vigorously advocating equal rights for women in the new Indonesia. They hoped to fill a truck full and dump the volumes on the President's lawn. Cried one militant lady: "Before we are finished, Mme. Hartini will know her rightful place, and we will have struck a blow for all future generations of Indonesian women."

JAPAN

Unity Is Purple

Japan's Socialists, split into left and right wings by the peace treaty with the Western allies, patched things up last week. Amid bouquets of chrysanthemums, carnations and ferns, the two factions joined to become Japan's second largest political party, with 155 seats in the Diet v. 183 for Premier Ichiro Hatoyama's conservative Democrats.

The Socialists came to windy settlements of many differences, from party dues to rearmament policy, in the end settled everything except the color of the party's flag. Both sides, the blue-flag right-wingers and red-flag left-wingers, wanted time to consider the logical compromise—purple. The left-wingers, non-Communist but not always discernibly so in foreign-policy issues, promised to quit calling Japan an "American colony," and to postpone their campaign for disbanding Japan's modest armed forces.

In return, the left-wingers got the chairmanship of the new united party for their leader, Mossaburo Suzuki, a onetime ricksha boy, a poet who writes under the name of Mojin (growing person), a pacifist who did 2½ years' time in imperial jails during World War II, a longtime inhabitant of the marshy Marxist terrain between Socialism and Communism. For their part, the right-wingers installed as party secretary general their boss, Inejiro Asanuma, a big-chested, big-voiced union man who has a background of anti-Communism. He is a stronger, more forceful type than Party Chairman Suzuki. The reunited party's line: preservation of the MacArthur Constitution (which outlaws war), nationalization of some industries (e.g., coal, electric power), diplomatic relations with Red China and the Soviet Union, gradual steps toward replacing the Japan-U.S. military alliance with some sort of pact between Japan, the U.S., China and Russia.

The reunion upset the balance in the Diet, but was likely to provoke a similar reunion between Hatoyama's Democrats and the Liberals of Ex-Premier Shigeru Yoshida, which would give conservatives a 147-seat majority and Japan the near equivalent of a two-party system.

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37

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At a London rally of Britain's Temperance Council of Christian Churches, twinkly-eyed Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, **Archbishop of Canterbury**, carefully explained why he is only a 99.44 '100% teetotaler. Though voicing distress about the "amount of pressure to have something" to drink at present-day social gatherings, Dr. Fisher forthrightly said that he tries not to offend hostesses who serve spirits. But those who place all manner of grog before him are treated to no crass bacchanalian spectacle. When the festivities wind up, the liquor level in the Archbishop's glass is never lowered by more than "one-sixteenth of an inch." Confessed Slight Sipper Fisher: "It is no virtue on my part. It happens that I don't like it."

After grittily ignoring his sneezes and sniffls for several days, West Germany's Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer**, 79, was bedded down in Bonn with bronchitis, a fever of 104°, a later complication of bronchial pneumonia. At week's end, he was "considerably improved," but his countrymen were chillingly reminded that *der Alte* cannot lead them forever.

India's aging (69) **Nizam of Hyderabad** indicated that he intends to stay put there, even though next year's dissolution of his realm will put him out of a job. As unemployed potentates go, the adamant Nizam will get on pretty well. When Hyderabad agreed to union with India in 1949, the Nizam wangled some lofty guarantees of the style to



THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD
Safe at home.

which he is accustomed. Items: the continued right to be called His Exalted Highness, a taxfree privy purse of \$1 million a year, plus a yearly \$500,000 to run his menage and another half million partially to make up his loss of income from his sprawling estates taken over by India. Although the Nizam already has an estimated pile of roughly \$500 million in cash, jewels and three palaces, the annual petty cash will come in handy to maintain his three wives, 42 concubines, 33 children and some 3,400 palace guards and flunkies. Lately, however, the Nizam has been riled by repeated hotfoots from New Delhi, official hints that he ought to pack up his whole shebang and trundle out of Hyderabad to his flossy mansion in Bombay. India's **Premier Nehru** himself has penned some politely worded eviction notes to the Nizam, but for reasons beyond India's tottery postal system to explain away, the Nizam never seems to get them—even though he is the only Nizam in Hyderabad. Settling down to enjoy the winter last week, His Exalted Highness murmured languidly: "Come what may, I am not leaving."

In his customary proletarian mufti, Red China's pudgy Chairman **Mao Tse-tung**, looking like a reasonably good insurance risk at his age (68), emerged from Peking to make an inspection tour along the Yellow River, where the Communists say they are undertaking monumental flood-control projects.

In Boston, Army Chief of Staff **Maxwell D. Taylor** whimsically offered a soldier's-eye view of the Army's sister

services in the big, though not always happy, Defense Department family: "A sailor is just a soldier who paddled out to sea, with or without the consent of his commanding officer, and an airman is equally a very recent ex-soldier." Neglecting to mention just where the stout-hearted 179-year-old U.S. Marine Corps fits into the soldierly picture, General Taylor went on to tip his brass hat seaward and skyward: "The Army has a very friendly feeling toward both sailor and airman—slightly absent without leave though they may be—if only for the fact that we want to thumb a ride with them from time to time."

Olympian Actor-Author-Director **Orrin Welles**, a jowly 40, strolled out with his Wellesian daughter **Rebecca**, 10, to see the sights of Pisa. With her half sister **Yasmin**, Rebecca was brought to Europe by her mother, much-married Cinematress **Rita Hayworth**, now in Paris for Yasmin's reunion with her father, **Prince Aly Khan** (TIME, Oct. 17).

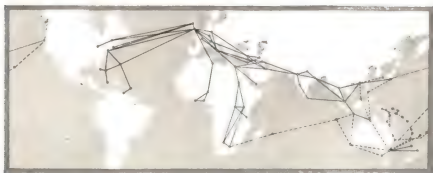
In Indianapolis to speak to the city's Council on World Affairs, Oil Heir **John Davison Rockefeller III**, 49, was pinned down on a personal matter by a local newshawk. Mindful of the \$2.5 billion given away by the Rockefeller family in the sixty-odd years since John D. Sr. turned big-time philanthropist, an Indianapolis *Star* reporter popped a fast question: "Are you a multimillionaire?" Hemhewed John D. III: "Well, I guess you could call us that. My brothers and my sister, we—." The reporter interrupted: "I mean yourself." Sticking to the philanthropic "we," Rockefeller made the week's most gracious understatement: "Well, yes, You could say we have independent means."



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SPORT

Toppling Favorites

After an agonizing 20-19 defeat by Notre Dame last year, Michigan State's new Coach "Duffy" Daugherty went to the opponents' dressing room and faced Notre Dame's new Coach Terry Brennan. "Next year," said Daugherty, "we'll beat your brains out."

Next year came last week for Duffy Daugherty's Spartans. The 50,000-seat stadium at East Lansing, Mich. had been sold out since spring. Daugherty, 40, the onetime Syracuse lineman who succeeded M.S.U. Head Coach "Biggie" Munn last year, had obviously put together a powerful team. Michigan State had lost only one game, a one-touchdown defeat by No. 1-rated University of Michigan. But

State man blocking explosively and tackling the Irish offensive into the ground, the Spartans dominated the play. Fullback Gerry Planutis bucked over early in the third quarter to put the Spartans in front again, and Quarterback Earl Morrall sneaked across with an insurance touchdown in the last period. Planutis, who missed two conversions in last year's 20-19 game and opened the way for the Irish victory, made no mistakes this time; he kicked all three extra points.

Notre Dame was not the only favorite knocked off in the weekend's games:

❑ Underdog Colgate put Princeton out of the unbeaten ranks, winning 15-6 for its first victory over the Tigers since 1925.

❑ Still dazed from the beating they took from Michigan the week before, favored

get the Australian stars. Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, into the pro ranks.

Not too long ago (1947) the world's top amateur himself, Kramer can talk convincingly to younger players about the advantages of turning pro. Kramer knows that amateur tennis is not always pure, that players get paid on the side and serve as social pets for rich backers. "People respect you more when you make your own way," Kramer tells the youngsters. "More important, you respect yourself more." Jack demolishes the argument that there is something nobler or more socially acceptable about being an amateur. "That's a lot of bunk." He tells tennis amateurs bluntly: "When you're finished as an amateur, you're really finished. So get it while you can."

To prove that they can get it by turning pro, Jack Kramer reels off names of some of the ex-amateurs who did well in the pro game in recent years. Pancho Segura: "He has a \$30,000 home . . . and between \$40,000 and \$60,000 in a coffee can somewhere." Don Budge: "He has annuities, a long-term sporting goods contract, the management of two tennis clubs, not to mention a laundry, which he owns." Frank Sedgman: "He's worth \$80,000 . . . a success story."

To these success stories Promoter Kramer should have a few more to add after his next pro tour is over. Trabert is guaranteed \$75,000. Hoad and Rosewall, if they accept, \$45,000 apiece. Promoter Kramer expects to net the better part of \$250,000 after paying expenses.

Scoreboard

❑ Over a sloppy track at Belmont Park, Belair Stud's Nashua scored his tenth victory in twelve 1955 starts to win the \$70,950 Jockey Club Gold Cup. The purse boosted Nashua's earnings for this year to \$752,550, surpassing the old record for single-season earnings (\$709,470) set by Citation in 1948. Three-year-old Nashua's lifetime winnings now total \$945,415, second to Citation's record of \$1,085,760.

❑ Fred Hutchinson, 36, who resigned last year as manager of the Detroit Tigers when the club refused him a two-year contract, got what he wanted from the St. Louis Cardinals: a \$30,000-a-year contract to manage the Cards for the next two seasons.

❑ On her 4th self-propelled crossing of the English Channel, Marathon Swimmer Florence Chadwick, 36, of San Diego, set a new speed record, splashing ashore in France 13 hr., 55 min. after leaving England. Her time was eleven minutes faster than the record set in August by English Swimmer Bill Pickering.

❑ Rhubarb sprouted again over the umpire's decision in the 1955 World Series opener when Brooklyn's Jackie Robinson was called safe on a steal of home. Infielder Frank Kellert, who was at bat for the Dodgers at the time and in the best position to see the play, belatedly declared that Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra had tagged Robinson out. Kellert's delayed announcement was made after the Dodgers traded him to the Chicago Cubs.



COACH DAUGHERTY & MICHIGAN STATE PLAYERS
Mark Kauffman—Sports Illustrated
Next year was here.

Terry Brennan had an even better record. In three 1955 starts, the Irish were undefeated, untied and unscored upon.

From the outset, Michigan State was the superior team, stronger in tackling, blocking and ball handling. With a bewildering mixture of single-wing and T formations, the Spartans drove into Irish territory right after the kickoff, lost the ball on a fumble, then mounted another offensive that carried to the Notre Dame goal line. Notre Dame's perfect record ended just as the second quarter began, when Halfback Clarence Peaks went over for the first M.S.U. touchdown.

Notre Dame's Quarterback Paul Hornung, who has been only moderately successful with his passing so far this season, began throwing as soon as his team dropped behind. He tried five and completed three passes, the last one good for a tying touchdown. But it turned out to be the last Irish scoring play of the day. All through the second half, with every

Army could not get the ball across midfield until the final two minutes of play and was blanketed 13-0 by Syracuse.

❑ Top-ranked Michigan won its game 14-2, but lost prestige when it was outplayed by lowly Northwestern, which has not won a game this season.

❑ Yale crossed Cornell's goal line in the first minute and a half of play, then went on to score a 34-6 win, and rule as a clear favorite to top this year's Ivy League.

Cash & Tennis

Wielding a checkbook instead of a racket, John Albert Kramer promotes professional tennis with the same drive and skill that once made him a champion. In recent years Promoter Kramer has used his checkbook to buy the services of many a top amateur star, and has repeatedly riddled amateur ranks and Davis Cup hopes. Last week Jack Kramer signed top U.S. Amateur Tony Trabert, 25, to a pro contract. He was also bidding strongly to

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PROVOLONE

A smoky, masculine cheese of Italian origin, Provolone is light in color and firm to the touch. You can spot Provolone by its distinctive "rope" marks from the sling in which it is suspended while aging. Serve it in finger slices with beverages, as a tasty partner to holiday turkey plates, or with fruit.



BLUE

Blue cheese comes from a famous family of cheeses whose history dates back to 1070. Blue is a semi-soft, crumbly white cheese veined with blue mold. Its flavor is sharp, piquant and distinc-

tively pleasing. Add Blue to salad dressing, crumble it over salad greens, or serve Blue with toasted crackers for dessert. And connoisseurs know—It's a perfect foil for the flavor of turkey.



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SWISS

Swiss is called the "King of Cheeses." You know it by its distinctive holes and light yellow color. Gruyere, a variety of Swiss, has smaller holes and added body. The mild, nut-like flavor of Swiss makes it one of America's favorite cheeses. Swiss is a hard cheese that slices smoothly, and while it is primarily thought of as a sandwich or snack cheese, it has many cooking uses.



CHEDDAR (or American)

Cheddar is by far the most popular of all cheeses. It ranges in flavor from mild to very sharp, depending on the aging, and in color from creamy white to yellow-orange. Popularly known as American Cheese, Cheddar actually gets its name from an English village. Cheddar comes in wedges for easy slicing, club style for smooth spreading, and in packages for utmost convenience. It's a versatile cheese, being used for soups, desserts, cold snacks and hot dishes.

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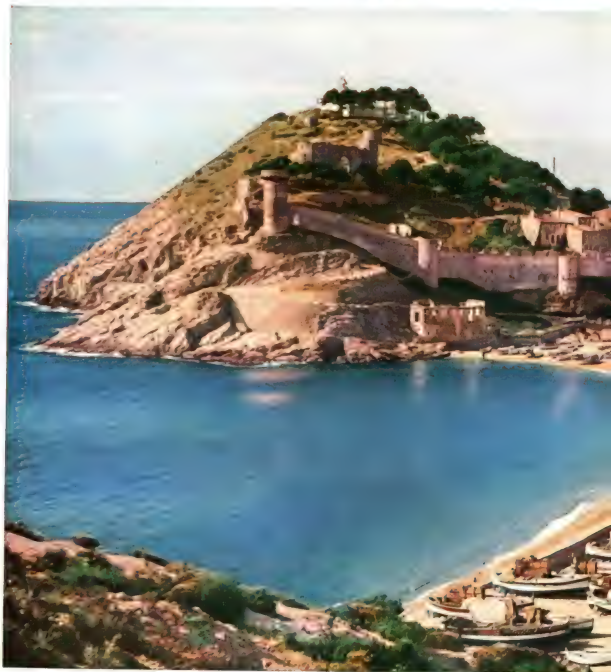
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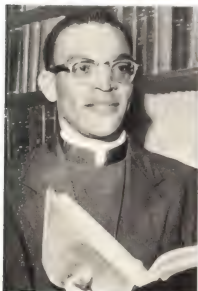
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RELIGION

A Negro Priest

When the priest arrived at Jesuits Bend,* about 15 miles south of New Orleans, he found a delegation of parishioners waiting for him at the mission chapel. "They were very polite," the Rev. Gerald Lewis, 31, said later. "They informed me that a Negro could not say Mass for a white congregation."

New Orleans' 79-year-old Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel, a famed enemy of segregation (three years ago he banned Jim Crow benches in New Orleans' Catholic churches), met the issue head-on but gently. Instead of cutting off the congregation from all spiritual ministrations, he merely suspended services at the mission in Jesuits Bend and reduced services at



Associated Press

FATHER LEWIS

At Jesuits Bend, a turning,

two others at nearby Belle Chasse and Myrtle Grove. In a letter addressed to the congregations, the archbishop said that the incident violated "the obligations of reverence and devotion which Catholics owe to every priest of God . . ."

"Furthermore, every human being, regardless of race, color or nationality, is created after the image and likeness of God . . . and destined one day to enjoy the company of the angels and saints in the awesome presence of the All High God . . ."

"Because the shortage of priests is such that we cannot replace the reverend father in question, [the suspension will stay in force] until the members of these communities express their willingness to accept . . . whatever priest or priests we find it possible to send them."

What Judaism Has to Offer

Christians have done their best and worst to convert the Jews, with a range of persuasions running from sweet reasonableness to slow torture. The Jews, on the other hand, seem to have no missionary zeal. It was not always thus; Jesus described the Pharisees as crossing "sea and land to make one proselyte," and one Maccabean king, John Hyrcanus I (135-104 B.C.), even compelled the conquered Idumeans to become Jews and undergo circumcision. But in the main, Judaism has been the religion of one people, its heart being the covenant between God and Israel. Some day, according to the bulk of Jewish tradition, that covenant will include all mankind. In the meantime, converts are traditionally discouraged, and conversion merely for the sake of marriage is expressly forbidden.

Should modern Judaism abandon this position and assume a missionary role? The question is being raised more and more frequently. In the current issue of *Commentary*, Rabbi Jakob J. Petuchowski, young (29), Berlin-born Reform rabbi of Congregation Beth Israel in Washington, Pa., explores the ground on which a new missionary Judaism might be built.

Thrusting & Drawing. Despite the "chosen people" concept, he points out, Judaism has never had the idea that outside it there is no salvation—the idea that has enabled so many Christians to look upon missions as a kind of rescue work. Judaism recognizes all righteous men as sharing in the world to come; non-Jews need only obey the "Seven Laws of Noah"—the covenant God made with all mankind—instead of the 365 negative and 248 positive injunctions of the Jewish law.

The modern Jews most sympathetic to Jewish missions to the Gentiles are generally the liberals in the reform group. Yet these, says Rabbi Petuchowski, have precisely the least to offer. "The orthodox Jew could conceivably enter the arena with the Creed of Maimonides in one hand and the Shulchan Aruch [a codification of Jewish law] in the other. He could say to the prospective convert: 'Here is a new way of living. Take it!' And then the convert would really have taken something; he would not merely be moving from one 'branch' of universal religion to another. But . . . if the prospective convert is confronted with a statement that leaves it an open question whether or not God is a person, whether or not there is such a fact as Revelation, whether or not prayer is answered, and with an idea of ceremonial practice completely divorced from any idea of 'divine commandment' . . . then he might think twice before burning his inherited bridges to salvation behind him."

A God to Argue With. A better blueprint for a Jewish mission to modern man, Petuchowski suggests, would begin with

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the meaning of Jewish history. "What is there in the heritage of Judaism that has enabled the Jew to retain his spiritual and emotional equilibrium under the most adverse conditions?" In this, Petuchowski thinks, non-Jews could find much.

For one thing, the Jews have a God who makes no distinction between matter and spirit; man need not "die unto his flesh" to grow in the spiritual life. For another, Judaism is not centered on creed: "Man's deeds, not his theological professions, bring him close to God or remove him from God." And though it has its saints noted for their submission to God's will, "Judaism also honors the man of faith whose moral sense is outraged by happenings beyond his comprehension. There is room in Judaism for an Abraham and a Jeremiah, a Job... who 'argue' with God. Such 'struggles with God' are neither heresy nor sin.

"Nor, again, is sin... something transmitted through the generations from a mythical 'Fall.' A man is responsible only for his own acts... Confession to God... remorse, and avoidance of the same sin when temptation arises again, are the sole means of restoring his harmonious relation with God."

The militant, mission-minded Judaism Rabbi Petuchowski looks for would lay no claim to the personal salvation of the individual; that he can obtain by being righteous outside of Judaism as well as in it. But the salvation of the world as a whole is a different matter. Here "religious Jews do believe that the plans for God's kingdom on earth have been delivered into their keeping; that Judaism, as the religion with the most positive approach to all aspects of human life, holds the best promise of enrichment for the earthly life of mankind as a whole. Those Gentiles, therefore, who have this larger salvation at heart, should be made acquainted with what Judaism has to offer, and should be invited to cast in their lot with the household of Israel."

Breaking the Pattern

Crew-cut Jerry Brauer, 34, officially became the youngest head of a U.S. theological faculty last week. It was fitting that it should be at the University of Chicago, where young leadership is a tradition (William Rainey Harper was 35 when he became first president of the new university, ex-Chancellor Robert Hutchins took over at 30). As he moved in as the new boss of Chicago's Federated Theological Faculty, Midwesterner Brauer (from Fond du Lac, Wis.) immediately announced completion of a detailed 16-point program to revolutionize the seminary.

Highlights of his proposals: 1) extend the three-year Bachelor of Divinity course by another full year devoted to "interning" in a parish; 2) set up joint professorships, tying theology into the academic work of the university in such fields as law, history, philosophy, the social sciences; 3) organize a research center to develop "a new theory of missions."

In his inaugural address, Lutheran Brauer, who studied at Northwestern



AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and she had a daughter. Well . . . she thought she had a daughter. But sometimes, when the girl was wearing old blue jeans and one of her big brother's T-shirts, she wondered.

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she could find—and that was pretty simple! The girl picked it up and put it down. Then, she picked it up again. The woman looked away.

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There she was, big as life—all done up in a jaunty jumper. Of course, it did look a bit peculiar tried on over a T-shirt . . . but, at

least, it was a step in the right direction. The woman sighed and she smiled and she was secretly very proud. Because, you see . . . she managed it all by herself, with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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CHICAGO'S DEAN BRAUER
Confound respectability!

Lutheran Theological Seminary in Minneapolis and taught four years at Federated, found nothing to cheer about in the spiritual status quo. "The theological profession is becoming so respectable that it is rapidly becoming uncomfortable," he said. As for U.S. theological schools, said the young dean before his address, "too many men are still teaching the same confounded things . . . We're out to break the pattern."

A pattern was being broken at Chicago's Presbyterian McCormick Theological Seminary—so named since 1886 because of the generous endowments of Farm Machinery Maker Cyrus H. McCormick. Last week a theology professor was showing a visitor around. "By the way," he remarked, "we never refer to death as the Grim Reaper around here. It's always the International Harvester."

Profane

Samuel Cardinal Stritch, archbishop of Chicago, last week banned from the Roman Catholic churches in his archdiocese some of the country's favorite church music as "unliturgical." The cardinal's authority: Pope Pius X (1903-14), who in his encyclical *Motu Proprio*, cited "sanctity and goodness of form" as necessary to sacred music. Among the forbidden titles, many of which have also been banned in other dioceses: the Wagner and Mendelssohn wedding marches, originally written for the theater, and several *Av-Marias*, including Schubert's, originally a concert number; Verdi's, from the opera *Otello*; Mascagni's, based on the *Cavalleria Rusticana* intermezzo; and Bach-Gounod's (the Bach original was a clavichord prelude, later adapted by Gounod as a love song). Also banned: *Oh, Promise Me*, from De Koven's operetta *Robin Hood*; *Because* ("secular"); *I Love You Truly* ("profane").



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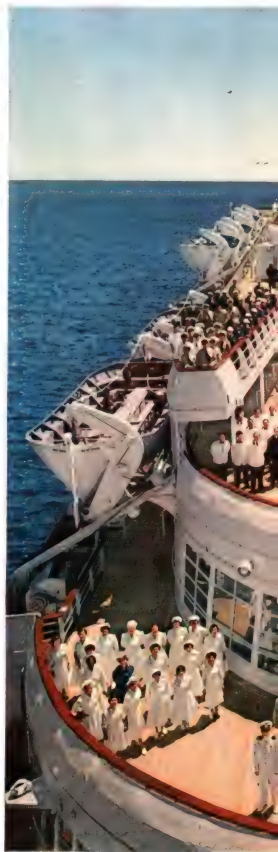
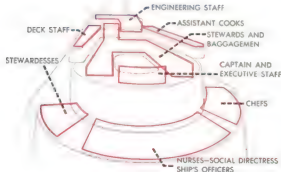
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MEDICINE

Surgery for Ike?

To other public discussion of President Eisenhower's heart was added last week a recommendation from Cleveland's noted Heart Surgeon Claude S. Beck which stirred up a loud murmur of controversy. The recommendation: that Ike be examined in six months and, "if this proves the risk to be not too great," that he submit to heart surgery to extend his life expectancy and permit him to carry a bigger work load.

Dr. Beck mentioned President Eisenhower as a candidate for the operation after he had described its technique before the annual assembly of the District of Columbia Medical Society in Washington. The operation, known in medical circles simply as "Beck I," is one which he pioneered 10 years ago. In it, the surgeon slits open the sac surrounding the heart, and rubs both the inside of the sac and the heart itself with a rough-headed instrument, causing acute inflammation. Finely powdered asbestos is then sprinkled on the heart covering, and the resulting abrasive action between the heart and its sac adds to the inflammation and causes the heart and the sac to adhere. When that happens, a richer supply of blood passes to the damaged heart through the walls of the sac. A large vein (the coronary sinus) is then tied to slow drainage from the heart, and a piece of fat in the heart sac is sewed to the heart surface in the hope that it will provide additional circulation.

Over the 10 years, Dr. Beck has performed such operations nearly 300 times. In the last 100 operations, he has had only six fatalities, all of them, he claimed from the normal deterioration of badly diseased hearts rather than from the operation itself. The principal purpose of the operation, says Beck, is to "take the steam out of successive attacks," which occur in 50% to 80% of coronary cases, with the chances of survival steadily decreasing. Said he to reporters: "Coronary surgery can't cure, but it . . . prolongs the patient's life and makes him more comfortable. Nine of ten patients who receive the operation are back at work and free or almost free of pain." He added that Ike's doctors probably would not take to his suggestion because "they are not converts to heart surgery."

Many of Beck's fellow heart specialists pointed out that 300 operations is not a large enough statistical sampling to make a case for or against the Beck technique. Dr. Paul Dudley White, Ike's chief specialist and no enemy of heart surgery, had no comment.

Young Ladies of Japan

In Manhattan's Mt. Sinai Hospital last week, plastic surgeons removed the dressings from the face of a 23-year-old Japanese girl named Shigeko Niimoto and noted with satisfaction that her extensive skin graft had been an almost perfect

take. The contours of the girl's face were almost normal again.

In other Mt. Sinai rooms and in a dozen Quaker households near Manhattan, 20 other young Japanese women were waiting their turn to undergo plastic surgery, some for the second or third time. They all had one thing in common: ten years ago they were on the streets of Hiroshima within a mile of ground zero on the day the first atom bomb was dropped.

A Blinding Flash. Shigeko was the youngest and prettiest of Oyster-Fisherman Masayuki Niimoto's three daughters. The two elder sisters and their brother were away from Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945. Shigeko was on her way to the Hiroshima Girls' Commercial High School.



HIROSHIMA'S SHIGEKO NIIMOTO WITH DRs. KAHN, BARSKY & SIMON
"Something has healed here inside."

where she had just entered the fishman class. As she crossed the Tsurumi Bridge, someone called "Look!" It was a few seconds before 8:15 a.m. Shigeko turned. Then, "A blinding flash, and I fell to the ground. I covered my eyes with my hands. As I struggled to get to my feet, something [the shock wave] threw me down harder and blew me several yards. I blacked out. I don't know for how long. When I came to, it was no longer bright sunshine but dark like dusk, gradually changing to smoky red. My kimono from the waist up was in shreds . . .

Despite agonizing burns about her head, neck, chest and arms, Shigeo made her way to an aid station. There, three days later, her mother found her. With doctors all but wiped out—and the few survivors helpless against disorders they could not diagnose—Mrs. Nimoto took charge. When she tried to remove the tatters of Shigeo's clothing, the burned skin and flesh came off, too. Morning and evening for a month, Mrs. Nimoto

to anointed her daughter's seared flesh with cooking oil and carefully washed her eyes with bicarbonate of soda. When the ash-grey tissue peeled off, Shigeoko's skin was shiny and smoothly lifeless. Eyebrows, lashes and hair were gone. Worst of all, her chin had all but disappeared, and the lower half of her face looked as though it had been melted into her throat.

Months later Shigeo was still bald and beet-complexioned, so she was dubbed *Aka Oni* (Red Devil). After a nurse ordered her burned hands bandaged, they became gnarled like briar roots, and she lost the use of fingers and hands alike. For Shigeo's was one of the stubborn cases suffering both contractions and keloid growths (in effect, tumors of scar tissue). Shigeo could not work. She had no hope of marriage. And at the Nagaragawa Methodist Church she met scores

of other girls in like plight. The Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto called them "The Hiroshima Maidens."

An Accepted Fact. Japanese plastic surgeons did their best: at Tokyo University Hospital, Shigeko had 20 operations; regained some movement in her neck and fingers. But the scar tissue kept coming back. Then U.S. Editor (*The Saturday Review*) Norman Cousins heard of the "Keloid Girls," began a campaign to get them another chance. The Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, a private philanthropic group, agreed to sponsor 25 of the most badly scarred Hiroshima Maidens on a trip to the U.S. for surgical treatment; the New York Quakers offered to find them homes. In charge (without fee) of the long, arduous program of surgery at Mt. Sinai are three of the nation's top plastic surgeons: Dr. Arthur Barsky, Dr. Bernard Simon and Dr. Sidney Kahn.

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patient), the girls pass from one Quaker home to another for visits. They are in such demand that the families vie with each other for the chance to put them up. Said one host: "When the girls first moved in, we looked for signs of homesickness or some uneasiness in their attitude toward us. But they couldn't be more cheerful or more delightful as guests. The girls have picked up enough English to get by without an interpreter; they have adopted sleek Italian hairdos, colored ballerina slippers and other U.S. fashions. Above all, they no longer shrink from meeting people as they did at home.

To the attendant doctors, these signs of mental healing are as important as the surgical gains. Although facial deformities are being improved, and the use of frozen hands and limbs gradually restored, plastic surgery can never totally efface the marks of the terrible seconds under the bomb. Shigeko and the others quietly accept this fact. Said one of the girls to an interpreter shortly before she was wheeled into the operating room: "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face. I know that this is impossible, but it does not matter; something has already healed here inside."

Capsules

Q New York's Yeshiva University this week is dedicating its new \$10 million Albert Einstein College of Medicine, the first medical college established in New York City in 57 years. It will eventually be the center of a \$100 million, 200-acre medical center, which will include a \$40 million municipal hospital constructed by the City of New York and a \$45 million psychiatric hospital to be constructed by New York state.

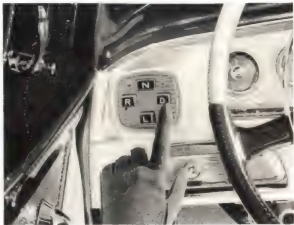
Q Dr. Emma Sadler Moss, 57, of New Orleans' Charity Hospital, became the first woman in the U.S. to head a major professional medical society when she was installed as president of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists in Chicago. A nationally known expert in parasitology and the study of fungus diseases. Dr. Moss has a fascinating personal medical record. Born in Pearlington, Miss., she started life as a 3-lb. premature baby in a cotton-lined shoebox beside an open fireplace. Since then, she has overcome rabbit fever, acute gangrenous appendicitis, peritonitis, lobar pneumonia and mammary cancer.

Q At their annual convention in San Francisco, members of the California Academy of General Practice condemned the accident hazards built into the modern automobile. When a car hits a pedestrian, said the doctors, it is frequently the unnecessary adornments near the front of the car that maim and kill: "masticating grills, avulsive door handles, knife-edge eyebrows over headlights and spearlike hood ornaments." The doctors also called for the abolition of bumpers (including the bosom-like projections known as "Dagmars") and for recessed and padded dashboards, collapsible steering columns, safety belts, safety doors and a legal limit on horsepower.

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The Busy Air

¶ In Manhattan, station WOR-TV gave up last week on an experiment in night-long (midnight to 7 a.m.) telecasting. Explained Pressagent Dick Jackson: "We found an eager audience of insomniacs, ginmill customers and, surprisingly, patients at veterans' hospitals. There were enough sponsors to break even. But the show needs more variety and at least one extra camera crew which would put us in the red. We expect to try again when we've digested the lessons we learned."

¶ In Chicago, Kraft Foods Co. put up a bonus of \$50,000 to be paid to the writer of the best original play seen this season on the *Kraft TV Theater*. The judges: Playwright Maxwell Anderson, Drama Critic (New York *Herald Tribune*) Walter Kerr, Actress Helen Hayes.

¶ In London, commercial TV was buffeted by a survey revealing that, instead of the estimated half million sets, only a scant 200,000 have been adapted to receive the commercial wave length. Result: sponsors are holding off until they can get more value for their money. For three consecutive days last week, there were no advertisers at all on morning telecasts.

¶ In Burlington, Vt., Poet Louis Untermeyer looked on the bright side of television because "it will eventually boost the quality and reduce the quantity of fiction written in the U.S." Untermeyer thinks TV "can do a better job than the printed word on 'slick romances,' and people are reading less commercial fiction. But the novelist who has something to say will always have a market."

The Week in Review

TV humor, like all gall, is divided into three parts, 1) slapstick, 2) situation comedies, 3) synthetic shyness. Last week a baker's dozen of high-priced comics was laboring hard in all three varieties, spraying each other with Seltzer, spinning out plots as remote from reality as life on the moon, or being browbeaten by guest stars and fellow actors.

The results were not always sidesplitting. Martha Raye proved that slapstick can be tasteless with an interminable skit that required Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to pretend that he was madly in love with her (a role often filled last year by Actor Cesar Romero). Jackie Gleason is back with *The Honeymooners*, but the show is now filmed by the Electronic method. Jackie Gleason and the system's inventors (Du Mont) insist it is just as good as live TV. From the evidence of the first two shows, not all of Gleason's audience will agree: on film, the battles between Jackie and Audrey Meadows seemed longer and less funny, while Art Carney's sewer-born impetuosity have lost their quality of brash unexpectedness. Red Skelton, he'd by Comedienne Nancy Walker, took off after that comedy staple, *The \$64,000 Question*, with a skillfully built parody of a member of the studio audience deter-



MARTHA RAYE
Life on the moon.

mined prompting Contestant Walker all the way to the summit question. NBC's Sid Caesar showed hopeful flashes of his old form with a rousing, doubletalk version of *Pagliucci*. Neither Groucho Marx, flourishing his cigar and convivial sneer, nor Jimmy Durante, with his patented songs and spotlighted exit, saw any reason for changing the formulas that have



PHIL SILVERS (LEFT) & BUDDIES
Seltzer through the rainbow.

kept them among the leaders for years. Situation comedies are as traditional with television as baggy pants with burlesque. As the granddaddy of the art form, *I Love Lucy* is back for its fifth year and as dependent as ever on the flawless mugging, caterwauling voice and limitless energy of Lucille Ball. Burns & Allen have changed their script sufficiently to allow place for their son, Ronny, who supplies an unaccustomed note of sobriety into the antic proceedings; Danny Thomas is still pumping up a smidgeon of wit through 30 minutes of sentimental goo, while Schoolmarc Eve Arden in *Our Miss Brooks* has switched from public high school private elementary school without making any great change in the standard can or plot. The brightest of the new situation shows is *You'll Never Get Rich*, starring Funnyman Phil Silvers as an Army to sergeant with a heart of solid larceny. Silvers makes life in the armed forces seem like a rainbow-colored version of goldbricker's dream.

Since the departure of Wally Cox, George Gobel is the shyest comic left on television. Gobel ended last season No. 1 in the Nielsen ratings, but his opening program did not have the look of a winner as Gobel traded arch repartee with a flutery actress pretending to be his mother, endlessly rubbed noses with plump Singer Peggy King, and finally salvaged some shreds of comedy from an interview with Actor Fred MacMurray. Gobel this year may have a rival in CBS's Johnny Carson, another minor-keyed comic who can extract a remarkable amount of amusement from such items as his meeting last week with his three-girl fan club. Like Gobel, Carson has a cute girl singer, Jill Corey, and they spend too much time nuzzling each other. It seems that the shy-type comic cannot survive on TV without a soubrette to lean against.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Oct. 19. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC).
Wanted (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., CBS).
New crime series.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow visits Actress Julie Harris. Writer John Gunther.

Ford Star Jubilee (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Together with Music*, starring Noel Coward, Mary Martin.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). Maurice Evans' production of *Alice in Wonderland*, with Eva Le Gallienne, Gillian Barber, Bobby Clark, Martyn Green, Burr Tillstrom.

RADIO

Vice President Richard Nixon (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Speech to New York Investment Bankers.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Beethoven and Brahms.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). All-Mozart program.

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No matter where our men may be, Military Air Transport—MATS—insures that supplies can reach them within hours . . . practically *anywhere*.

Essential here is the Douglas C-124, largest operational cargo transport. Able to fly 2000 miles non-stop with a 25-ton payload, the C-124 can handle 96% of all military equipment *without disassembly*. During Korea it not only flew high-priority cargo, but worked as a hospital plane evacuating the wounded.

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The Hose That Fought a Flood

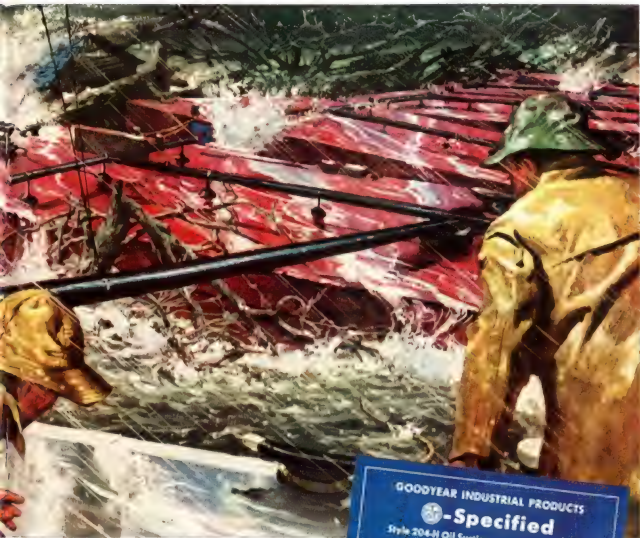
It was Spring, 1951. The Ohio River was on its yearly rampage. At a certain marine terminal in Indiana, frantic efforts were being made to get five barges loaded with gasoline and underway while the river was still navigable. The men worked silently in the cold, driving rain. The pumps grumbled noisily under the extra load. But the end was almost in sight. The last barge was nearly full.

Suddenly a mass of driftwood appeared upstream. It bore down swiftly as if intent on disaster. It struck the end barge with grinding crash. One man rushed to the levee to close the master valves. The others watched helplessly. Lashed together, the five barges shivered and shook as one, snapped their tie-lines like so much cotton thread, rushed out to join the mad dash of debris.

All eyes turned to the big hose used to convey the gaso-

line to the barges. It was an 3-inch Goodyear Style 204-1 Oil Suction and Discharge Hose and it was the *only remaining link* between the dock and the fleeing barges. Under the sudden and tremendous load, the lone hose quickly stiffened, then slowly stretched—but *that was all! It held fast!* The barges gently arced into the levee where they rested secure until returned to the dock.

So strong was the current that two tugs, rather than the usual one, were required to move the barges back into position. However, the mighty Ohio more than met its match in the strength of this rugged hose designed by the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—to withstand the high pressures, abrasion and abuse of dock service. After battling the flood to a standstill, the hose went on to finish this job and many more—is still in service today.



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GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



PLATO ON WISDOM IN GOVERNMENT

Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils.

(*The Republic*, 4th century B.C.)

EDUCATION

Let Them Speak

The young Scotsman who had been a professor at the struggling experimental school in Northampton, Mass. was naturally delighted that his invention had proved such a success. But when he sat down to write his mother the news, he was not thinking of his own fame or fortune. "Now," wrote Alexander Graham Bell, "we shall have money enough to teach speech to little deaf children." As a matter of fact, had he not been trying to find an instrument to help such children, he might never have started experimenting with the telephone in the first place.

Today, at Northampton's Clarke School for the Deaf, a telephone is still called an Alexander. But to the school's faculty, the invention is not what Bell is primarily

it may be taught as the children at Clarke School are taught."

The school's method is based on the belief that the totally deaf person is almost nonexistent; even those who seem totally deaf to others usually have some slight remnant of hearing. With the help of powerful hearing aids, that remnant can be trained to distinguish speech rhythms, sign language. Clarke insists produces only a limited vocabulary. It calls attention to the handicap, keeps the deaf child perpetually a stranger in the world of the hearing.

Balloons & Feathers. The school's 150 pupils range from 4½ to the late teens. When they enter Clarke, many have never said a word, not even their own names. To get the sound "huh-huh-huh" across, a teacher may place her lips against a bal-



CLARKE SCHOOL'S MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE (CENTER) & FRIENDS
A prayer for fortune's favor.

remembered for. He was for 51 years teacher, adviser and president of the board. More important, he was, like the school, a pioneer in persuading the U.S. that a child born deaf can be taught to speak rather than have to rely on the language of signs. Founded in 1867, Clarke has the oldest wholly oral program for the deaf in the U.S.

Train the Remnant. Last week, as it began its 88th year, Clarke was already embarked on a centennial fund-raising campaign for \$3,000,000. At the head of the campaign was another distinguished former board president and teacher, who met her future husband while she was on the faculty. In spite of the high place to which marriage took her, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge has remained devoted to Clarke. "I never hear a deaf child," she once wrote, "that my heart does not go out to it. I breathe a prayer that fortune may favor it by bringing it to a school where

loon, while the pupil places his on the other side. As the sound is repeated, the pupil learns it from the vibrations he feels. The "f" sound can be taught by holding a feather close to the mouth and seeing how it flutters when the consonant is spoken correctly. Puffing at a slip of paper trains the cheek muscles; blowing at a candle flame helps control breathing.

Sometimes pupils draw a blank at particular sounds. But the teaching process goes on every minute of the day. Once a teacher heard a little boy crying "eeeeee" while at play, immediately rushed out to make him repeat the sound again and again. Up until that moment, the boy had never been able to pronounce any word with the "ee" sound in it.

From letters and sounds the children go on to whole words, master about 30

◆ Pupil Susan Phillips and Graduate Eleanor Houston.

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Don't let harmful engine deposits LOCK UP your car's horsepower!

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



NAVAHO PUPILS IN QUONSET SCHOOLHOUSE
The monkey business is about over.

George High

verbs by the end of their first pre-school year. Then, as their vocabularies mount, they learn to read lips. After that they can take on regular school subjects. But they are constantly encouraged to talk.

At Alexander Graham Bell's suggestion, Clarke started the first U.S. teacher-training program in oral education for the deaf, now has some 500 alumni all over the world. As for its regular pupils, about half get through high school, 18% through college. But the main thing, says Principal George T. Pratt, who came to Clarke because his own daughter was deaf, is that by learning to talk, all get a chance to share, at least in part, the normal world of the hearing. This, Bell once said, "is one of the greatest achievements in the world." Adds one Clarke teacher: "It is also one of the greatest satisfactions—watching a deaf child light up like a little Christmas tree when he's got the thought he's trying to put over."

The Promise

On a warm spring day, as twelve Navaho chiefs looked on, Lieut. General William Tecumseh Sherman dipped a pen and solemnly squiggled his name on the document before him. With that act in 1868, the U.S. formally promised that in return to the Navahos for keeping the peace, the Government would provide the tribe with a reservation (now extending into Arizona, Utah and New Mexico), schools, and at least one teacher for every 30 children. The promise has been badly kept. As recently as 1951, Mrs. Annie Wauneka, daughter of the last great Navaho chieftain, Chee Dodge, said sadly: "We will forever be like monkeys in a cage, for other Americans to look at."

Last week both Government officials and Navahos could agree that the monkey business was just about over. The illiteracy rate among Navaho children is down from 75% ten years ago to 25%, and more

little Indians than ever before are now attending school. One reason for the change: the Navahos have at last been sold on education. But perhaps more important: largely because of the work of Indian Affairs Commissioner Glenn L. Emmons, they have at last become convinced that the U.S. really intends to live up to the treaty of 1868.

The Change. A longtime friend of the Navahos ("I sorta grew up with them"), Banker Glenn Emmons of Gallup, N. Mex. was the tribal council's personal choice for commissioner, and new President Eisenhower heeded their advice. When Emmons took the job in 1953, there were 28,000 school-age Navahos, but half of these had yet to see the inside of a classroom. Though Emmons got a congressional appropriation to build scores of new schools, he decided that the shortage was too acute to wait. "The important thing," said he, "is to get every child into school as fast as possible. We can build the nice buildings later." The Bureau of Indian Affairs began to refurbish old classrooms. It added new wings to buildings already standing, put up Quonset huts, sent out trailers, arranged for some children to attend nearby public schools off the reservation. By 1954, Navaho enrollment was up 8,000.

Meanwhile, the Navaho Tribal Council was hard at work. Its biggest problem: to persuade all parents that their children must go to school.

The Reality. During World War II, when so many of their young men were rejected by the Army as illiterates, many Navahos learned what it means to have too little education. But there were still some who distrusted the white man's ways, and there were others who liked to have their children help out at home. To keep their children away from school, such parents often used the excuse that they had nothing to wear. The council



Turbo-prop Vickers VISCOUNTS score sensational success with America's flying public!

Only a few months ago Vickers Viscount service was initiated in North America by Trans-Canada and Capital airlines. Both report immediate and enthusiastic public acceptance for this great turbo-prop airliner. On a major U.S.A.-Canada route flown by Viscounts for TCA, traffic increased 22.5% during the first five months. Capital, which inaugurated Viscount service on its Washington-Chicago route in July reports that the Viscount is already carrying more passengers in *both directions* than any other airliner.

Like other experienced air travelers throughout the world, Americans have been quick to recognize in the turbo-prop Vickers Viscount a delightfully different kind of flying—smoother, quieter, faster, virtually free from vibration and noise-fatigue. The Viscount, with its 4 Rolls-Royce turbo-prop engines, has brought to North America a new concept of air travel.

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Now we had nothing more to worry about!

*With my family safe, I knew my Hartford Agent
would take care of the rest*

(Based on Company File #C5242)

We were watching television. Jimmy, our youngster, was asleep upstairs.

My wife, Kathy, smelled the smoke before I did. We both ran for the stairs. Found the upper hall ablaze from end to end!

While Kathy called the firemen, I raced to the garage. Grabbed my big ladder. Flopped it against the house and scrambled up...

Jimmy was under his bed. Scared stiff, poor kid. Carrying him down wasn't easy. But we made it. That's what really counted. *We were all safe.*

Safe in another way, too. I remembered. Safe because my Hartford

Agent had reviewed my insurance only a month ago! He'd seen that everything was in order. House insured for its present value... furniture and other belongings properly protected. *No matter what happened now, we had nothing to worry about.*

And it worked out just as I had expected. When my Hartford Agent learned of our trouble, he came right over. Took down the details. Filled out the reports. Sped my claim along as only a man who knows how. Can. Thanks to his expert help, we soon had Hartford's payment for our loss!

Look upon your Hartford Agent as your friend and adviser.

There are many ways in which he can help you protect yourself—now—against loss. And many services that he's *always* glad to give.

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Year in and year out you'll do well with the

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Hartford 15, Connecticut
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

appropriated \$350,000 from its new oil and uranium royalties, announced that clothes would be given to any needy child who went to school. The bureau added a further incentive by providing free hot lunches. The tribal council has also turned its attention to higher education. In 1953 it set aside \$30,000 for college scholarships. This year it upped the sum to an annual \$100,000.

Last week a record 23,000 Navaho children were in school. By December, enrollments are expected to be 2,500 over last year. The hopes of 1868 were at last to be fulfilled.

Report Card

¶ In upholding a lower court, which had refused the Jim Crow Texas Citizens Council an injunction to bar state funds from integrated schools, the Texas Supreme Court swept away the last legal obstacles to complete desegregation. It 1) declared invalid all sections of the state constitution and state statutes that required public-school segregation, and 2) knocked down that portion of the state's Gilmer-Aikin law that prohibited state funds to mixed schools. The decision, said Texas Attorney General John Ben Shepperd, "settles the law in Texas on a statewide basis."

¶ Commenting on the U.S. shortage of scientists and engineers, President James R. Killian Jr. of M.I.T. observed that the crisis is not a matter of numbers alone. "There are many areas of technology," said he, "that are now closed books to those engineers lacking creative powers or to those whose training or analytical abilities never carried them beyond the superficial methods of handbook engineering... Employers are not just looking for 'bodies' with degrees... [They] are pressing the colleges for men with a more fundamental, integrated education in science, engineering and the humanities... [They] want men... with the power to deal with the technologies of tomorrow and not of yesterday."

¶ At a special hearing, in which school principals were allowed for the first time to sound off without going through administrative channels, the New York City Board of Education heard some gloomy news about the state of the city's secondary education. Teacher morale, said six principals of academic high schools, has reached an alltime low while pupil insolence has hit a record high. Not only must the teacher cope with proven delinquents because there are not facilities enough to handle them; he must also take in a host of virtual non-readers from the lower schools. Said Principal John McNeill of Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High School: "We are shocked and depressed by the general failure of the authorities to understand the sorry deterioration in our high schools. The resentment of teachers who feel that no one at headquarters understands their problems or considers their plight seriously has changed the atmosphere of every high school in the city. They are not the high schools of the good old days, believe me."



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Service drops using Kaiser Aluminum Triplex cable combine three wires in one assembly. Cost less than copper, are easier to install, look better.



Bus bars of Kaiser Aluminum carry large amounts of current in industrial plants, power stations, to large electric furnaces, etc.—safely, efficiently.



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Electric light bases made of Kaiser Aluminum assure good conductivity—economically. Pound for pound, lightweight aluminum gives three times more metal than brass.



Windings or coils fabricated of Kaiser Aluminum in large electrical rotating equipment combine high conductivity, strength and light weight for design economy.

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As the nation's fastest growing major aluminum producer, we now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country. And we are continuing to expand, for we believe that aluminum is only on the threshold of its greatest growth.

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Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Leading tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires — in tubeless or conventional types.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

November is **National Tire Safety Month**. For utmost protection, equip your car with nylon cord tires. See your tire dealer today!



Payoff

Nearly six years after he first brought a libel suit against Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler, former War Correspondent Quentin Reynolds last week got ready to collect. The U.S. Supreme Court ended the long legal battle by refusing to review a New York federal jury's \$175,001 award to Reynolds (TIME, July 5, 1954 *et seq.*), after Pegler branded him a nudist and coward.

But Pegler will not be out of pocket: under his contract Hearst is liable for the tab, which will run to more than \$300,000, counting attorneys' fees and 6% interest from the day of judgment. Nor is the fat award all pure gravy for Reynolds. The U.S. Internal Revenue Service now has a lien against him for \$40,000 for back taxes, also expects to collect income tax on the whole sum. But Reynolds' lawyer believes that the sum is tax-free; thus the award may land in court again.

Success Without Strings

The most influential magazine on the Continent today is a sleekly handsome French monthly. Its name: *Réalités*. Although only ten years old, *Réalités* has built the biggest subscription circulation (191,500) of any magazine in France. In sharp contrast to many French publications, which dutifully echo the views of whichever political party may buy or back them, *Réalités* is financially and politically independent, has nothing to sell but honest reporting. "We have never had to ask for outside support," said *Réalités* Editor Alfred Max last week. "As a result, we can print what we believe to be the truth. We have told our readers many unpleasant things about France. Nobody seemed to mind; on the contrary, they thanked us for it."

More than 6,000 readers wrote to thank *Réalités* a year ago when it ran an analysis of the nation's economic and political stagnation called "Where Is France Heading?" Its article, "Why Do Five Million Frenchmen Vote Communist?" (TIME, June 30, 1952), reprinted throughout the free world, gave millions of readers a clear, sharp look at France's delusive, defeatist political climate. Although French business, professional and educational leaders make up two-thirds of its subscribers, the magazine frequently needles French employers for their notoriously low wage scales and bad labor relations. It has not spared the rod in criticizing the nation's backward public school system. Last week *Réalités* was coming off the presses with still another rebuke: a special on-the-spot report from Algeria on the shortsighted colonial policy that may eventually cost France much of her North African empire (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Friend to the U.S. Internationally, *Réalités* is a consistent and courageous champion of Western unity. Although praise for the U.S. is unfashionable among French intellectuals, *Réalités* is a warm

admirer of the U.S. Two years ago, the magazine's top reporting team, Pierre and Renée Gosset, turned out a report on the U.S. (TIME, Aug. 24, 1953) that was notable for its sympathetic understanding of American folkways.

To help interpret France to the world, *Réalités* launched an English-language edition in 1950, despite dire warnings that a foreign magazine (particularly at \$15 a year) could not compete for readers and advertisers on the crowded U.S. market. After dropping \$110,000, the English edition has built the biggest U.S. circulation (39,000) of any foreign publication, will start making money by year's end.

Verve & Nerve. *Réalités* was founded in 1946 on unlimited hope and a meager \$5,000 by two aggressive young business-

jects with a mixture of Gallic verve and American nerve. *e.g.*, it recently sent a staffer on his first trip to Africa to bring back a picture story on "How to Hunt Big Game," commissioned a French explorer to write his story of an Amazon trip, "I Starved with the World's Most Primitive Tribe." The magazine's lavish color pages, planned by Art Editor Albert Gilou, sometimes achieve the lustrous clarity of a Flemish painting, are equaled by only one other publication in Europe: Switzerland's sophisticated *Du*.

Twins' Trio. Not content with one publishing success, *Réalités*'s Frerejean and Rémon (known to staffers as "The Twins") have fathered three other successful publications. The trio: glossy, authoritative *Connaissance des Arts*, the most widely read art magazine in France (circ. 46,500); *Benjamin*, the only "serious" children's weekly in France (where



"RÉALITÉS" CONFERENCE: MAX, RÉMON, FREREJEAN, GILOU
Nothing to sell but the truth.

men. Humbert Frerejean and Didier Rémon. Frerejean, then 31, was working in the personnel department of a steel concern, and Rémon, then 24, with a management consultant. They originally planned a *FORTUNE*-style magazine for French business, but *Réalités*'s scope was soon broadened under Editor Max, 41. A one-time French wire service correspondent, Max studied U.S. publishing methods while living in the U.S., where he put in a stint with the Gallup Poll, married an American girl, and earned degrees at the University of Delaware and Washington, D.C.'s American University. After the war, Max joined Frerejean and Rémon, started molding a magazine that "people could be enthusiastic about."

Réalités today specializes in lively, handsomely illustrated features on art and travel, but also covers a wide range of sub-

parents also complain about comic books), with a circulation of 80,000; *Entreprise*, France's only business magazine. The semi-monthly *Entreprise* (circ. 40,000) was stymied at first by the traditional secretiveness of the French businessman. But in 2½ years it has succeeded in proving that the business community can benefit from alert, informed reporting on business problems. Multimillionaire Marcel Bousac turned down an *Entreprise* request to do a story on his textile empire two years ago. Recently, he called the magazine to ask, "What are you waiting for?"

The Twins still work closely with *Réalités*'s tightly knit staff of 47, whose pay (average salary: \$430 a month) is double the prevailing French journalistic wage. The publishers hold a daily 6 p.m. editorial conference with Editor Max, seldom emerge from their cluttered third-floor



The most important \$5 in the world sent Mrs. Whitehead back to work

I thought Mrs. Whitehead was going shopping that first morning she caught the 8:05 bus with me. But I was wrong. Ever since then she's ridden that same bus into town every day—to work.

I knew Tom Whitehead had died suddenly a short time before, leaving his widow and three youngsters . . . but I'd always figured they were well off.

My wife, Joan, had the explanation. "Tom wasn't insured," she said. "Now Patty Whitehead has to go back to work—and hire a sitter for the children."

I started to think. What about Joan and our two youngsters if anything happened to me? Paying off the mortgage, the car . . . school, living expenses.

Joan was worried, too. "Jim," she said, "the most important \$5 in the world is the \$5 people fail to invest . . . in future security. If the Whiteheads had only started with \$5 a week in a Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan . . . Patty Whitehead could be with her children now—her home and future safe."

"Only \$5 a week!" I exclaimed. "Just what is a Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan?"

"Most of our neighbors have one," Joan replied. "I've been talking with them about it. It costs so little—yet provides cash for emergencies. If anything happens to you, it would give me and the children protection—even money to send the kids to college! And we can start it for only \$5 a week!"

"We could afford that," I agreed. "That's less than a dollar a day!"

"I know. And, as your income increases, we can put in more to build more and more security! When you're ready to retire, we can even have a regular guaranteed monthly income!"

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office before 9 p.m. Last week the lights were burning later than usual in the massive sandstone building near the Opéra, where *Réalité* and its sister magazines are published. Max and staff were mapping their most challenging assignment yet: a wide-ranging report on life in Russia and Communist China. At week's end, Max put the Gossets on a plane for Moscow, first stop on their trip to gather material for the report and try to take a comprehensive public-opinion poll behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains.

New Boss for the Chronicle

When the San Francisco *Chronicle's* President and Publisher George Cameron died a fortnight ago, there was little doubt about who would be his successor. For the past three years, Cameron's nephew, Assistant Publisher Charles de Young Thieriot, 40, has been virtually running the *Chronicle*. Last week, as San Franciscans



Bill Young

PUBLISHER THIERIOT

Pinch the pennies, find the treasure.

expected, the *Chronicle's* board of directors named Thieriot president, publisher and editor.

He took over a politically potent paper that has often teamed up with the *Oakland Tribune* of Joseph R. Knowland, Senator Knowland's father, and Norman Chandler's Los Angeles *Times* to pick and back the winning candidates in California politics. But financially, the *Chronicle* has long been ailing.

One way or another, chunky Charley Thieriot has been trying to get the *Chronicle* firmly in the black. Soon after he became assistant publisher three years ago, 37 staffers were given notice, and Editor Paul Smith (now boss of *Collier's*) quit in protest. Last year Managing Editor Larry Fanning resigned, according to city-room gossip, because of Thieriot's determination to pinch more pennies out of the news budget.

Thieriot, who will eventually fall heir

TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1955

How Free Men Work Together

by F. G. GURLEY

President of the Santa Fe Railroad

The historic relations between the Santa Fe and the oil industry date back to 1894. In that year, a California oil company and the Santa Fe worked together in our shop at San Bernardino, Calif., to develop the first oil burner which could burn oil successfully in the firebox of a steam locomotive.

By 1896, more than half of the locomotives we had in service in Southern California had been converted into oil burners. That same year we developed other interests in oil because the Santa Fe secured leases covering some 300 acres of prospective oil land in the Olinda district of California and our first well was drilled in 1897.

So, for almost 60 years the Santa Fe, now America's largest completely Dieselized railroad, has not only been burning oil in its locomotives, but also has been engaged in producing oil. As a result, there has been an understanding of some of the problems in the oil industry and a sympathy for their difficulties, as well as a sincere admiration for the great accomplishments of the petroleum industry.

One of the finest examples of two American industries working toward a common goal was the highly successful teamwork between the oil industry and the railroads in



Fred G. Gurley, president of the Santa Fe Railway System, has been a railroader for almost 50 years. A pioneer in modern motive power equipment, Mr. Gurley is a great believer in Diesel fuel. He is in an excellent position to evaluate the oil industry's part in improving American railroad transportation.

winning the "Battle of Transportation" during World War II.

During those war years the railroad industry carried over 97% of all organized military traffic and more than 90% of the war freight. To accomplish this record-breaking transport job, tremendous supplies of fuels and lubricants were required by the railroads and were produced and delivered by our oil industry.

The spirit of teamwork which paid off for us then remains alive today. Research scientists of the

railroads and the oil industry are continually experimenting on improved fuels and lubricants and new uses for petroleum products toward transportation progress.

We refer to our modern method of railroading as "Progress That Pays Its Own Way." The same can be said of the oil industry. But this will continue only as long as we maintain our American system of private free enterprise—the greatest force for scientific and industrial development the world has ever known.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by the American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



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*The School Executive—1954

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to one-sixth of the *Chronicle's* stock, is a grandson of the *Chronicle's* co-founder, Mike de Young. He grew up in San Francisco, graduated from Princeton ('36) and went to the *Chronicle* as a copy boy. He spent four years as reporter and rewrite man, then moved over to the business side, sold ads, ran circulation and negotiated labor contracts. After a wartime stint in the Navy, where he was a lieutenant commander, he came back as assistant business manager of the *Chronicle*. He opened and managed the paper's radio station on the side, and when television reached the West Coast, he ran the *Chronicle's* TV station. He quickly turned it into a moneymaker with profits of more than \$1,000,000 a year.

To boost *Chronicle* circulation, Thieriot has spent lavishly for such stunts as "treasure hunts" and "mystery face" contests. But on news-gathering expenses he has kept a tight hold. For example, when the worst forest fires in 30 years broke out in California this fall, *Chronicle* staffers covered the story by telephone for the first three days. Finally Thieriot okayed the expense of sending one reporter-photographer team 200-odd miles to the Sequoia National Park, but by then the fire was almost out. While he gives editors a free hand at assigning stories, Thieriot makes the decision "if we are going to rent an airplane, or something of that nature." Though such penny-pinching is hard on staff morale, Thieriot believes that it is paying off. He claims that *Chronicle* circulation is above 170,000 (v. 155,295 three years ago), and that the paper has moved close to the black. Says Publisher Thieriot: "I think the paper will make money this year."

Herblocked

To the Fund for the Republic, it seemed a solid journalistic coup. The Fund, an offshoot of the Ford Foundation, had signed up the Washington *Post* and *Times Herald's* famed cartoonist, Herbert Lawrence Block (Herblock), to make 26 15-minute TV films of news comment illustrated by his cartoons, had allocated \$200,000 to put on the programs.

Then the Fund for the Republic ran into trouble. The American Legion denounced it, charged that it was telling Americans that Communism was no serious threat to the nation. Herblock, a Fair Deal Democrat whose best target is the Republican right wing, is also a prime target for the Republicans. Recently, the right-wingers bombarded him heavily because of a cartoon that turned out to be badly timed. The cartoon portrayed President Eisenhower carrying Vice President Nixon on his back, with the caption: "You're going to run again, aren't we?" Herblock had drawn the cartoon before Ike's heart attack, and many U.S. papers carried it the day Ike was stricken. Last week the Fund for the Republic decided Herblock was too hot to handle, canceled his TV show. Official reason: he is too political. By permitting him to take sides in political controversies, the Fund was afraid it might lose its tax-exempt status.



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MUSIC

They're Playing Our Song

In Italy it is called *Polvere di Stello*, and ranks with *O Sole Mio* as an alltime favorite. In Japan it is called *Sutadusto*, and is one number record stores are not afraid to overorder. In England, where professionals call it a "gone evergreen," no song has sold more copies. In the U.S. it is called *Stardust*, and is the nation's most durable hit—comfortable as an old shoe, and yet rare as a glass slipper.

Its publishers are currently celebrating its 25th anniversary. Actually, the song was born in the summer of 1927, but its fame was delayed. It all began when a young Indianapolis lawyer named Hoagland Carmichael went back for a visit to Indiana University. He "spent the lonely



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
SONGWRITER CARMICHAEL
In England, a gone evergreen.

night, dreaming of a song," and he liked it. He found a piano and picked out the tune. It was a lively little ditty, and that was the way Hoagy, as piano man with the famed Jean Goldkette orchestra, played it the next year. It bothered almost nobody until Bandleader Isham Jones recorded it in a haunting lento. Jones's violin soloist "played it pretty," says Hoagy, "with feeling—to bring out the melody—and pretty soon it began to make a noise on Broadway." A rising lyricist named Mitchell Parish was commissioned to write lyrics, and *Stardust* became history.

Best of All. By 1933 most people seemed to be singing *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*, but a 20-year-old Indiana girl, mortally wounded in a shooting, asked to have *Stardust* played at her funeral. Three years later the record business was stirred almost as deeply, when RCA Victor dared to release the song on two sides of a pop single, one played by

Benny Goodman, the other by Tommy Dorsey. It was Victor's best seller in 1936 and '38, was still going strong a year later.

News of war in Europe failed to dislodge *Stardust* from the public soul. A Colorado vacationer climbed to the top of Lookout Mountain, where he discovered eight boys and girls around a campfire, eyes closed, singing in close harmony, with the professionalism of Glenn Miller's sax section. Their song: *Stardust*.

By 1944 Carmichael's ditty was ringing round the world, useful, so they both believed, to friend and foe. In the Philippines a native combo dewed the eyes of the crew of an LST with a proud performance of *Stardust*. In Burma U.S. troops heard Tokyo Rose play it at midnight. In Tokyo a Japanese journalist named Tateishi and two pals huddled in a closet during a B-29 raid, listening to *Stardust* on a portable phonograph.

Even peace was wonderful for *Stardust*. In 1949 readers of *Metronome*, venerable U.S. music magazine, voted it "best song of all time." Last year *Stardust*'s kiss was still an inspiration, or at least a consolation: one of the most intricate of modern jazzmen, Pianist Dave Brubeck, played a tune at Manhattan's Basin Street that only two members of the audience recognized as *Stardust*, while in the dance hall around the corner, the ten-millionth blonde said, "Ooooooh, listen, honey. They're playing our song."

Plenty of Scope. What makes *Stardust* so durable? The lyrics for one thing: they contain just the right proportions of imagination, sentimentality and corn:

*Beside a garden wall, when stars are bright,
You are in my arms
The nightingale tells his fairytale
Of paradise where roses grow.*

But the tune itself is the important thing. It is constructed of broken chords, half in bright major modes, half in overcast minors, which give it a moonlit softness. The melody has a kind of singleness of purpose—and gives plenty of scope to jazz improvisers. The song's overall form is unusual—it uses long sentences, and its main theme is repeated only once. To the music trade, that once meant it was "difficult," but in the long run it made the tune interesting enough to stick in the public memory.

Stardust has already brought Composer Carmichael, 55, a fat \$250,000 in royalties, earns him \$15,000-\$20,000 a year. ("Every time it is played in the presence of my wife," Hoagy likes to say, "she stands up and bows down.") But Carmichael, who has long since branched out into the movies as an actor (*The Best Years of Our Lives*), would hate to be remembered as a one-hit composer. "Actually," he says with legalistic caution, "I have what is considered, in the minds of the musical fraternity, 35 hits." Among them: *Lazy River*, *Lazy Bones*, *Two*

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Lawyer Hoagy Carmichael (he has not practised for years) may not have written any of his nation's laws, but he has surely written one of its great songs.

New Records

In case there is any doubt just what a conductor is good for, Columbia has released a fascinating and informative album called *The Birth of a Performance*. The music is Mozart's "*Linz*" Symphony (No. 36) and the star is Conductor Bruno Walter. 79. Three of the four sides are devoted to rehearsal (the fourth is the finished performance), with Walter's kindly voice correcting, explaining, singing (off key), completely unaware that he is being recorded.

Unlike tempestuous Arturo Toscanini, Walter does not frighten musicians into



Fred Plot

CONDUCTOR WALTER

"Aha! Ssst! Throm, bom, bom."

playing right; he coaxes them. When, with his mellow German accent, he says, "Come, let's have it again," he might be talking to forgetful children, and when he says, "Once more, letter D," he sounds like a host inviting some guests to have another helping of *Sacher Torte*. There is endless patience, endless attention to detail. "Aha!" he shouts over the slow movement. "Ssst! Second violins, make a *diminuendo* . . ." The music starts again, and "Right!" shouts the old gentleman vehemently, making the listener jump in his seat. To the horns: "Gentlemen, you should be more accompanying . . . Don't match [the violins]. Keep a little below, you know." Again, sadly: "This could be finer," or "I am not happy with this C sharp." In a spirit of experimentation: "Tell you what we'll do: three notes on one bow—throm, bom, bom . . . Ah, the bowing is much better."

An interested listener, following Conductor Walter's comments with the enclosed score, may discover a world of insight about music from this perform-

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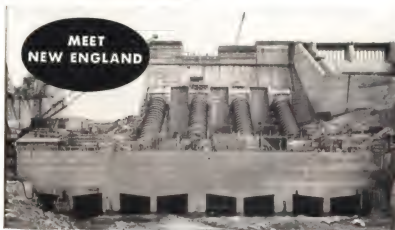


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more 'livability' — a rare regional geography that puts the sea, lakes and mountains right at the factory's back door. So it's natural to find higher personal savings as well as higher home ownership here. There's a wonderful supply of skilled people for expanding firms like Norton — and yours — to call upon!"



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stations. Besides ample power, incoming firms appreciate the positive community attitude towards industry. Local governments (many on the everybody-has-a-say town meeting principle) are extremely helpful and people here realize industry is their lifeblood.



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ance, although the Columbia Symphony Orchestra could use even more of Walter's help than it gets.

Bach: Toccata in D Minor (E. Power Biggs: Columbia). An organ tour of Europe in which Organist Biggs plays the same piece on 14 instruments, the oldest dating from the 15th century (Lübeck, Germany), the newest from last year (Royal Festival Hall, London). Some of them were undoubtedly used by old Virtuoso Bach himself. Some of the organs are scintillant and percussive, some hoarse with archaic, buzzing tone; some are housed in churches where the echo lasts so long that the sound takes on a luminous vagueness.

Ives: Symphony No. 3 (Baltimore Little Symphony conducted by Reginald Stewart: Vanguard). This imposing work was completed in 1911 when the late U.S. Composer Charles Ives was 37. Its serene and majestic first movement is the most appealing, but its allegro gets involved in a struggle between sprightly and weighty themes. The finale, again, is flowingly introspective. On an Overture LP, Soprano Helen Boatwright performs Ives's **24 Songs**. The selections span nearly the entire period of Ives's creative life. They show him as a romantic in spirit, a modern in terseness and detail.

Orff: Antigona, Scenes 4 & 5 (Christ Goltz, Hermann Uhde, Vienna Symphony and State Opera Chorus conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser: Columbia). The Sophocles tragedy of the Theban princess doomed by her father, set in a markedly individual style by Germany's popular Composer Carl Orff. Mysterious sounds, fearfully repeated notes, stark accompaniments, apocalyptic thunderings, all add up to a powerful aural drama. Soprano Goltz tops everything with her soprano.

Respighi: Il Tramonto (Sena Jurinac, Barylli Quartet: Westminster). That subtlety of combinations, soprano and string quartet, is just the thing for Shelley's *The Sunset*. Respighi gives it all a sweetly-said intimacy that becomes only moderately assertive in the climaxes ("The maiden found her lover dead and cold..."). It is sung with great beauty by Vienna Opera Soprano Jurinac.

Scintillation (Carlos Salzedo, harp; Mercury). Aside from a few angels, nobody has done so much for the harp as Carlos Salzedo. This collection of his compositions and arrangements veers from a twangy *Arkansas Traveler* to extremes of evanescence in the title piece.

Other notable new records
The sixth complete *Aida* on LP, starring Zinka Milanov and Jussi Björling with Rome Opera House forces conducted by Jonel Perlea (Victor, 3 LPs); Debussy's *Etudes* played by Walter Gieseking (Angel); Verdi's *Don Carlo*, with Boris Christoff, Mario Filippeschi and Tito Gobbi and Rome Opera forces conducted by Gabriele Santini (Victor, 3 LPs); Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*, with Maria Callas, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni and La Scala forces conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni (Angel, 2 LPs).

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Budd

Philadelphia

Detroit

Gary

Artificial Air Glow

An Aerobee rocket soared up last week from Holloman Air Force Base, N. Mex., carrying an odd payload. Inside its nose were two heavy steel cylinders containing thermite* and 2 lbs. each of metallic sodium. The rocket took off 20 minutes after sunset. When it reached 40 miles and had disappeared from sight, automatic instruments ignited the thermite in the cylinders. The sodium vaporized, jetting out of a hole in the rocket's nose, and a brilliant orange-colored trail appeared against the blue sky. This was the sodium; it picked up the light of the sun, still shining above the shadow of the earth, and reradiated it as brilliant "sodium light."

Orange "G." As the rocket rose to almost 70 miles, the high-altitude winds distorted the sodium-vapor trail into a gigantic "G" 20 miles across. It remained visible for 15 minutes, until the shadow of the earth reached it, and was seen in Amarillo, Texas, 300 miles away.

The sodium rocket was not merely a beautiful and expensive firework; it had a serious scientific purpose: to help the Air Force's long-range study of the upper atmosphere. Part of the "air glow" (the faint glow of the night sky) comes from sodium atoms that absorb solar energy during the day. At night they give off this energy as yellow sodium light. Scientists do not know how high the "sodium layer" is. Nor do they know how the sodium got into the top of the atmosphere. Some think it came from outer space; others suspect that it originated as fine particles of sea salt that were carried upward.

By putting a known amount of sodium vapor into the atmosphere at a known altitude, the sodium rocket will enable scientists to learn more about the natural sodium that is already there. They can compare the air glow coming from the two lots of sodium, and since the amount of one is known, the amount of the other may be calculated.

High-Wind Gauge. Probably more important for the Air Force's purposes is the possibility of measuring accurately the speed of the winds that blow on the boundaries of space, where guided missiles fly. There is some evidence that they may be extremely violent and that they may blow vertically as well as horizontally.

The sodium vapor that the Air Force put into the atmosphere will drift with the winds. If it increases the normal air glow, it can be followed, perhaps for considerable distances. A cloud of sodium of known origin picked up by astronomers' instruments in the Eastern states will be a fine way to measure wind velocity at levels that no weather balloon can reach.

From the observatory perched on near-

by Sacramento Peak. Dr. Edward Manring of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center followed the sodium cloud all night. The light affected sensitive instruments so strongly that it drove them off scale. It will be at least a month before Air Force scientists can analyze their data and decide what the experiment has taught them. If the results are promising, many other sodium rockets may be shot into the sky.

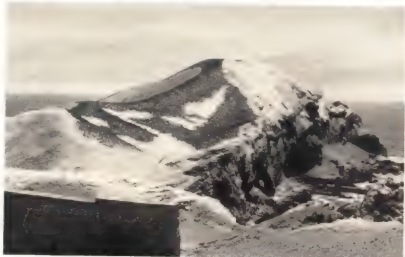
The Productive Guanay

The bird islands off the coast of Peru are more than a fabulous sight to tourists. The birds are among Peru's chief assets: last year they produced fertilizer (guano) worth more than \$30 million. Their value is on the increase because the Peruvian government's Guano Administration Co. has recently encouraged the

occasionally. The guards shot predators such as foxes and condors, drove away egg-stealing humans. The birds responded at once by accepting the protected peninsulas as artificial islands. They came by thousands, then by millions, and settled down to fishing and producing guano.

Ten peninsulas have now been cut off with eight-foot walls. A typical one, Punto Salinas, 73 miles north of Lima, has 70 acres of birds. Mostly black-and-white guanays (cormorants), they stand wing to wing like a rippling blanket. Though the colony was established only this year, it already numbers some 2,500,000 birds. Other shore colonies are growing as fast, and some of them allow the birds to exploit parts of the fish-rich sea they could not reach before.

Cash Value. The company looks on its birds as cheap and willing workers for the national good. Each guanay, it figures, eats 140 lbs. of *anchovetas* a year, processing its catch into 33 lbs. of guano.



Gastorena

GUANO BIRD COLONY (DARK PATCHES) ON WALLED PERUVIAN PENINSULA
Thirty million willing workers for the nation.

birds to colonize the mainland. According to Ornithologist Robert Cushman Murphy of New York's American Museum of Natural History, the company's management of the birds is one of the world's greatest examples of practical conservation.

About eight years ago, the company decided that lack of food is not the factor that limits guanay bird population. The cold Pacific off Peru is incredibly rich in life; besides such large items as tuna and whale, it contains about 25 million tons of *anchovetas*, the six-inch fish that is the favorite food of the birds. The company decided that the chief reason why the birds did not increase to the limit of their abundant food supply was that their small islands were overcrowded and not in the right places for harvesting fish efficiently. The birds cannot normally nest on the mainland because land animals kill them and destroy their eggs.

Artificial Islands. The company tried an experiment of setting guards to protect small peninsulas where a few birds alight

Twenty-two of the 33 lbs. is harvestable; the rest is lost, mostly at sea. The cash value of each bird's annual production is \$1.04, and the company is the guardian of 30 million birds.

The company is not yet satisfied. It is establishing still more land colonies so that the birds can fish closer to home. It is thinking of killing off pelicans, which are big eaters but poor producers. Sometime in the future it hopes to be guarding 100 million bird workers.

In spite of its present success, the company never forgets the catastrophe that hit the birds in 1942. A warm current called El Niño* crept down the coast of Peru. It drove the *anchovetas* away and starved millions of guanay birds. Next time, the company intends to have a chain of walled-off peninsulas all the way to Chile. Then the birds can fly south by easy hops, and escape death-dealing El Niño.

* Named for the Christ-child because it arrives about Christmas Day.

* Mixture of powdered iron oxide and aluminum, which, on ignition, gives great heat but no ash.

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a car battery**



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Dependability is a railroad watchword! That's why leading railroads—Baltimore & Ohio, Burlington, Chesapeake & Ohio, Illinois Central, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Southern, Union Pacific and scores of others—all use Exide Batteries for starting diesel locomotives, operating signal systems, lighting and other vital equipment.

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WHEN IT'S AN Exide...YOU START

86

THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure . . . has something decidedly attractive to offer in Joyce Grenfell herself. An English monologist and comedienne, she has the air of a born lady and pretty much of the orbit. Her material is well-bred nonsense and lightly barbed social satire. Her manner is the scrupulously deadpan, just touched with the cockeyed. With impeccable timing and delivery, she impersonates an arch, gushing antique-shop owner, a cheery but firm nursery-school teacher, a rich, cult-crazed American lady.

Armed with her half-dozen best numbers, Joyce Grenfell would be the perfect star of the usual intimate revue. In the present unusual intimate one, she is still worth seeing, but considerably handicapped. She makes 13 appearances; the only other performers—a dance trio—appear even oftener. Onstage so often, Actress Grenfell is forced back upon the second best and even the secondhand—such things as *Songs My Mother Taught Me* (mother was one of Virginia's famous Langhorne sisters*). The dances only now and then rise above the agreeable, and the trio would benefit themselves and the show if they sat a few dances out.

New Play in Manhattan

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? (by George Axelrod) is a satiric free-for-all on Hollywood and sex by the author of *The Seven Year Itch*. There is a blonde, Marilyn-Monroeish siren, a bland Hollywood agent with satanic powers, an illiterate Hollywood producer, an idling playwright who wrote a sock first play and can't get on with a second. And there is a shy, not very bright young fan-magazine writer who, by selling his soul in 10¢ slices to the agent, becomes a modern-day Faust.

At 10¢ a throw, the Faustling gets himself a fortune, wins the siren, judos her bruiser husband through a window, captures an Oscar, contrives a 1958 Pulitzer Prize script for the playwright. This unearned future honor brings the playwright to his senses; shouting "Excelsior," he first saves young Faust from Hell, then saves himself from Hollywood.

There is an entertaining idea in uniting a 20th-century Faust with 20th Century-Fox. And *Will Success*, at its best, produces fresher, funnier and coarser lines than anything in *The Seven Year Itch*. Playwright Axelrod offers sex on the rocks and Hollywood in the raw, coaxes a few new laughs out of agents and Oscars, contrives short vaudevilles on such Hollywood problems as how to treat Boy-Meets-Girl stories. Jayne Mansfield makes an amusing siren and Martin Gabel a particularly skillful agent.

But as playwright, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* often badly slithers; and as satire, it is too often a mere family

* Two others: Lady Astor and Mrs. Charles Dana (the original "Gibson Girl") Gibson.



JOYCE GRENFELL
Cockeyed in the deadpan.

joke. More surprisingly, the sap in Playwright Axelrod's spoofing suddenly turns to syrup. Kidding the blonde siren at the start, *Will Success* offers a lowdown but lively Monroe Doctrine; championing the playwright at the end, it provides a weirdly solemn Declaration of Independence. (By this time, in Hollywood plays, integrity should be seen and not heard.) And in all the final putting things to rights, there is no trace of irony. If Hollywood filmed *Faust*, Faust might be expected to beat the rap. If he beats the rap in a play at Hollywood's expense, surely the tongue should make the cheek at least faintly protrude.



JAYNE MANSFIELD
Sex on the rocks.

What calories are non-fattening?



All the calories that you use up are non-fattening

The average adult uses up 2,300 to 3,200 calories a day

There are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar

And sugar can help you cut down on the only kind of calories that can make you fat—they are the ones that come from overeating

Science shows how sugar can help keep your appetite—and weight—under control

These days, when it seems that someone is always reminding you about the calories in the things you like best, it's reassuring to remember what calories really are.

Calories are simply units of energy. All foods contain calories, but the only calories that can make you fat come from overeating—from oversized portions and unneeded second helpings.

Since sugar is best known as a quick energy food it is often singled out as a source of calories. Of course it is. But you use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar in just about 7½ minutes of normal activity.

These calories that are spent for energy can never be deposited as fat. That holds true whether the calories come from steak or apple pie, grapefruit or sugar.

Sugar is used as energy faster than any other food because it is absorbed into the blood stream almost immediately.

This is a helpful fact to know if you're watching your weight! That's because variations in the blood sugar level play an important role in the healthy body's appetite control system.

In clinical tests at a leading university, scientists found that people got hungry when their blood sugar level was low. They got hungry more often when they were gaining weight. But when their blood sugar level was elevated there was less sensation of hunger.

This important discovery explains why it is easier to stay satisfied on less food when you have a sweet just before a meal. It has also led to an entirely new concept of diet planning, designed to help people cut down on food without cutting out any favorite food.

These newer, more realistic diets purposely include sugar in foods and beverages because it makes the diet easier to get started on, easier to get used to and easier to stick to.

And if you are maintaining your

present weight, isn't it good to know that sugar helps count your calories for you?

18 CALORIES

That's all the calories there are in a standard level teaspoonful of sugar. Using a sugar substitute in foods and beverages actually saves so few calories that the authoritative Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council reported:

"There is no clear evidence that the substituting of and consumption by the general public of artificially sweetened foods would be effective for purposes of body weight reduction or control."



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York



CARNEGIE JUDGES AFRO, THOMPSON, RATHBONE, SHAHN, HUYGHE

The Lost Generation

Five jurors last week trooped into a spacious, canopied gallery in Pittsburgh's dingy Carnegie Institute, eased themselves into five waiting aluminum wheelchairs, then settled back for their intense, 2½-day task. All about them was the hand-picked selection of work by 328 artists from 23 countries about to be exhibited in this year's 40th Pittsburgh International. Oldest (since 1896) and most prestigious U.S. international art show.

This year one glance was enough to tip off the jurors to what was in store. Of 15 oils hanging in the central gallery, only three (including one by the late Fernand Léger) were remotely representational. The steadily mounting flood of abstract painting, instead of subsiding, has now surged across all national boundary lines and established itself as the international style of the mid-20th century. After spending the past year combing dealers' galleries, museums and artists' studios across the U.S., Europe and Latin America, Carnegie Institute Art Director Gordon Bailey Washburn, charged with hand-picking this year's contestants, found only one conclusion possible: "Abstraction continues the chief idiom of the day and, if anything, is gaining ground and popularity."

Uncharted Seas. Confronting the jury, as the members wheeled about the galleries, was an array of the styles that have turned contemporary painting into a seething, uncharted sea of rival techniques, fads and dead-end experiments. They ranged from the surface violence of U.S. Painter Willem de Kooning's grotesque female portraits to the acid brilliance of German painters like Fritz Winter, still haunted by Klee and Kandinsky. Paint surfaces varied all the way from Holland's Karel Appel, who trowels on paint like a pastry cook slathering on frosting, to the latest French vogue for *tachisme* (staining), where thin paint trickles down the canvas like spilled ink.

Surprisingly, in this welter of private imagery, a handful of steadily developing artists have managed to battle their consistent way to recognition in top international competitions. This year the Carnegie jury confirmed the growing reputation of two painters:

❑ First prize (\$2,000) went to France's Alfred Manessier, 44, for his 5-ft.-wide *Crown of Thorns* (opposite), a radiant liturgical painting in which a molten skull, mouth agape, glows hot beneath a blue-black thorn crown. Painter Manessier, who was reconverted to Roman Catholicism after service in World War II, began to change from figurative to non-figurative painting in 1947, also branched out into stained glass and tapestry design. With increased recognition as one of France's foremost painters (TIME, Mar. 21) has

Lacoste from *L'Oeil*



WINNER MANESSIER

come a good share of the world's top art awards: the 1953 São Paulo Biennial, the 1954 Sacred Art prize at Vienna and last week's Carnegie. Says Manessier: "I remain convinced that the quality of a work of art is measured by the sum of humanity it contains and releases."

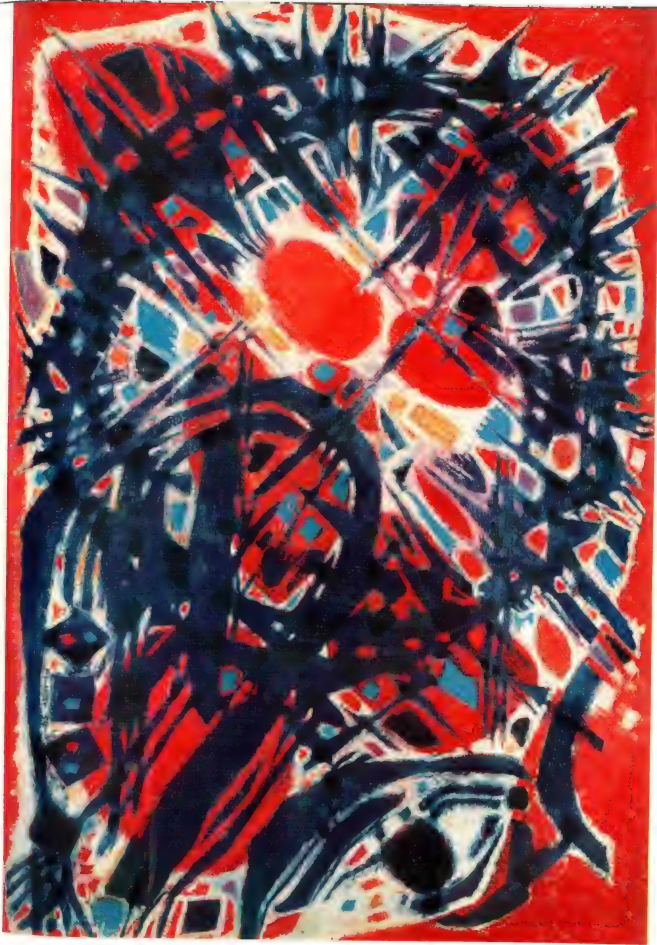
❑ Second prize (\$1,000) went to Mexico's Rufino Tamayo, 55, who two years ago tied with Manessier for top painting honors at São Paulo. Tamayo's prizewinning painting this year, his deep-hued, superbly painted *Fruit Vendors* (TIME ART COLOR PAGE, Jan. 24), in which Tamayo transformed a Mexican market scene into a fused balance of realism and evocative symbolism.

Lesser awards went to Italy's Renato Biondi, 49, for his dramatic composition of lightning in a vineyard; to Chilean-born Painter Matta, 43, for a 10-ft.-long canvas filled with bedazzling pyrotechnics that looked like a combined chateau and gasworks in hell the night the fireworks factory blew up; to Rome's Toti Scialoja, 41, for a low-keyed study in a lyrical cubist style. Not until the honorable mentions did the first U.S. painters appear: little-known Pittsburgh Artist Marjorie Eklind, 31, and this year's leading U.S. prizewinner John Hultberg, 33 (TIME, May 2, et seq.).

Sock in the Eye. In introducing the public to this year's exhibition, the show's catalogue warned: "The language of painting is not translatable. One must learn to read it directly from pictures." But even the jury admitted that the public's baffled bewilderment indicates that something important is missing in most of today's art. Said former Louvre Curator René Huyghe: "Art today aims to shock. In effect the artist spits on the canvas, delivers a punch in the eye. I prefer fruit on a napkin." Italy's leading Abstract Painter Afro in part agreed: "There is too much concern with surface effects, an attempt to make them appear 'modern,' even if this means contempt for color. What is missing is a maturing process, a depth of spirituality." For Boston Museum of Fine Arts Director Perry Rathbone, it was "a lack of faith in man and the visual world."

To U.S. Social Realist Ben Shahn, 57, the obvious fact was that today abstract artists and their public are poles apart. Said Shahn: "The great subject of Western Art has always been the crucifixion. At times painters have focused on the landscape behind, at times on the still life in the foreground, but the great subject must be there. Unfortunately, from time to time a generation of painters has to be sacrificed while artists re-explore the potentialities of their tools. This seems to be such a generation."

If so, the work of such artists as Manessier and Tamayo may be early beacons marking the channel into which an enriched modern art will flow. Better than most of their contemporaries they are beginning to resolve the problem the modern artist has set for himself: creating a visual image that not only squares with his inner vision, but also can be projected as a meaningful experience to his public.







Conveyor systems and machinery of steel help speed the food canning process. Here a steel conveyor carries baskets of field-fresh tomatoes into the canning plant for processing into a variety of delicious food products.



Clean white uniforms and spick-and-span steel cooking vats attest to the fact that cleanliness is the first law in the food canning industry. In processing and packing, every sanitary precaution is taken to assure the purity and quality of today's fine canned foods.



The earth rests, but the fruits of the harvest are ready and waiting year round at your favorite supermarket—flavor-fresh and nutritious, thanks to the versatile, economical tin-coated can of steel.

THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

What's Happening to the Big Harvest...

Here's the story of how steel brings America's rich harvest to your table...

Harvest time. Pumpkins and cornstalks. Warm, hazy days. Slightly chilly nights.

The earth leans back to rest. Man has taken its gifts, moved them along to your table.

Just the wonders of how much we grow, how much we harvest, how much it takes to feed the hunger of millions, might obscure another wonder—

Imagine, *half* of our entire food supply is preserved in *tin cans*!

Look at these figures

The remarkable volume and variety of foods brought to you in cans certainly attest to the importance of this all-purpose container.

On an average, 80 percent of all sweet corn and tomatoes harvested is canned. About 75 percent of the green peas and beets, and about one-half of the asparagus, are canned.

And as to fruit—almost 60 percent of sour cherries, 45 to 50 percent of

peaches, pears, apricots, are brought to you in tin cans. Besides, a tremendous variety of juices, soups, meat, fish, milk and other specialties.

Advantages of tin cans

There are, of course, many reasons why so much of our food comes in the tin can.

It is strong, approximately 99 percent steel, with a coating of tin to make it resistant to corrosion. It won't break or shatter. It's easy to carry.

It's compact, adding only the tiniest fraction of an inch to the dimensions of its contents. It's sanitary, too, used only once. It's economical, saving greatly in automatic canning, shipping weight, and storage space. And it's the most versatile container, used for foods, paints, oils, soaps, beverages and many, many more things.

National's role

Our Weirton Steel Company is a leading supplier of the electrolytic and hot-

dipped tin plate required for the more than 35 billion cans made each year.

Of course, tin plate is just one of the many steels made by National Steel. Our research and production men work closely with customers in many fields to provide steels for the better products of all American industry.

At National Steel, it is our constant goal to produce still better and better steels of the quality and in the quantity wanted, when they are wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.



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NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION

GRANT BUILDING



PITTSBURGH, PA.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bloom on the Boom

The first third-quarter earnings came out from U.S. business last week, and put another rosy bloom on the boom.

With telephone service in the greatest demand since World War II, giant American Telephone and Telegraph and its subsidiaries reported record sales of \$1.3 billion, earnings of \$160 million for its third quarter of 1955, both well above 1954. International Business Machines Corp. announced alltime high earnings of \$38 million for the first three quarters of the year, up 14.5% over last year. R. H. Macy & Co. posted still a third record: the highest volume in history for fiscal 1955, with sales of \$376 million and earnings of \$5,600,000.

As for steel, 1955 is likely to be a record year, with steelmen predicting 115 million tons, some 3,500,000 tons above the previous 1953 peak. Reported Republic Steel: a nine-month profit of \$63 million on sales of \$872 million, with enough orders on hand to keep production rolling at capacity through the first half of 1956.

Overall, U.S. business could hardly have been better, both in primary and consumer fields. Copper and aluminum sales were at new highs, with aluminum breaking one record in August with a monthly production of 267 million lbs., another record with a third-quarter total of 793 million lbs. For U.S. department stores, sales last week topped 1954 by 6%, while chain and mail-order sales were almost 13% ahead of last year. On a nationwide basis, the Securities & Exchange Commission reported that both sales and profits in the second quarter reached new peaks. Sales were an even \$70 billion, some \$2 billion more than the 1953 record, while net profits hit some \$5.9 billion, nearly \$200 million better than 1950's record.

Looking ahead, many a company saw a race to keep up with expanding markets. Commonwealth Edison Co. announced a

five-year \$600 million construction program. Hercules Powder planned a \$10 million plant at Parlin, N.J., to be completed next year, for production of a new type of polyethylene: this will be the company's first move into plastics production. But money for expansion was getting more expensive. For the second time in three months, Manhattan's big banks boosted interest rates on prime business loans, from 3½% to 3¾%, the highest rate in 25 years. Few bankers thought the rate increase would seriously discourage business borrowing, but most thought that it would lead to a tighter money market all around, especially on consumer loans.

AVIATION

The Jet Age

With a splash of purple-worded publicity ("breakfast in London . . . pre-dinner swim at Waikiki"), U.S. commercial aviation last week made its long-awaited move to jet-propelled aircraft. Pan American Airways signed contracts for 25 Douglas DC-8s and 20 Boeing 707 four-jet airliners. It was the first deal to buy U.S. commercial jets. Total price: \$269 million, the biggest in airline history. The deal is expected to be followed by plane purchase orders from other carriers. National Airlines is expected to sign for six DC-8s on which it took a verbal option last August. Other shoppers include United, American, Eastern, Air France, KLM and Panagra.

For the traveler, the jets will bring a new age. Both planes will be giants half again as big as today's piston-engine airliners. The Boeing will carry up to 125 passengers, the Douglas up to 131. Both planes will have Pratt & Whitney engines, will cruise at 575 m.p.h. at 30,000 ft., cut flying times dramatically, e.g., New York to Paris in 6 hr. 35 min. (against 11 hr. today); San Francisco to Tokyo in 12 hr. 45 min. (against 25 hr.). The combination of high speeds and big loads will probably bring lower fares. Boeing will



PAN AMERICAN'S TRIPPE
A coup from a squeeze.

begin deliveries of its planes in December 1958, and Pan American hopes to put them into service soon afterward on its runs to Europe, Asia and South America. Douglas will begin deliveries one year later.

Across the U.S. As a foretaste of what is to come, Boeing this week flew the prototype of the 707 on a nonstop flight from Seattle to Washington in 3 hr. 58 min., only 12 min. slower than the transcontinental record set by a Boeing B-47 bomber. Average speed: 592 m.p.h.

The 707 has a rate of climb (2,500 ft. per minute) twice as fast as the average piston-engine airliners and a maximum altitude of 50,000 ft. It is so maneuverable in approaches that it can circle an airfield at 500 ft. in a radius of less than a mile; on one occasion a Boeing test pilot put it through a slow roll at 2,000 ft. The plane will be powered by Pratt & Whitney's J57 engine, the most powerful (well over 10,000 lbs. thrust) in production in the Western world. (The J57 drives such key military planes as the B-52 bomber and F-102 fighter.)

Douglas has spent some \$5,000,000 and 300,000 engineering man hours to design its plane. It will closely resemble the 707, have swept-back wings and underslung engine pods, which reduce the danger of fire or structural damage if an engine breaks down. The DC-8 will have the heavier, more powerful (well over 15,000 lbs. thrust) Pratt & Whitney J75 engine. Both planes will be fitted with newly developed silencers to cut the scream of their jets on the ground, plus a device to reverse the jet thrust so that they can be stopped quickly after landing.

Purchase of the planes was a coup for



BOEING'S 707 JET TRANSPORT LANDING IN WASHINGTON
Breakfast in London, dinner in Waikiki.

Walter Bennett

TIME CLOCK

Pan Am's President Juan Trippe. By splitting his order between the only two U.S. manufacturers with jet transports, Pan Am has neatly squeezed out competitors, will get the first jet airliners into service.

But Trippe will have to scramble for more business to keep his jets busy. One plane will carry 50,000 passengers a year across the Atlantic (almost matching the 67,577 carried across the Atlantic last year by the 53,000-ton liner *United States*). At that rate it would take only 36 jets to fly the 1,799,000 people carried by Pan Am's whole fleet of 147 planes in 1954.

In any case, Pan Am's move into jets will be a big factor in establishing U.S. commercial supremacy in jet transports. The only competitor has been Great Britain. But Britain's jet development has been so set back by the Comet's three crashes that cost 99 lives that even British Overseas Airways Corp. now may be forced to buy 707s or DC-8s to meet its competition across the Atlantic.

Another big aircraft manufacturer got a big order last week. The Air Force announced a \$100 million contract to Lockheed for the single-jet F-104A, which USAF Chief of Staff General Nathan Twining describes as "the fastest, highest-flying fighter in the air anywhere." The order follows a \$100 million contract placed by Eastern Air Lines last month for 40 Lockheed Electra turboprop airliners and an Air Force order last month for "over \$100 million" worth of C-130A Hercules cargo planes, boosting Lockheed's backlog to over \$1.4 billion.

Orphans' Home

A \$1,000,000 Skymotive Terminal formally opens this week at Chicago's O'Hare Field, the first terminal of any size ever built especially for company planes, personnel and executive passengers. Traditionally orphans of the air, business planes get short shrift at most big U.S. airports; executives and guests, says Shell Oil's Chief Pilot Bob Porter, "have to go through mud and weeds to some back-alley hangar." The Skymotive Terminal was so welcome that it was booked to capacity even before its opening.

Skymotive is the idea of John P. ("Jack") Henchey, who was a colonel in the Army Air Forces during World War II, was the youngest (then 32) general when he went back into service during the Korean war. Between wars, he opened a plane repair station at O'Hare Field in 1946; in the same year, the Government deeded land around his station to Chicago for use as a municipal airport (to begin scheduled passenger airline operations later this month, relieving Chicago's Midway Airport, and eventually to be the world's biggest). Many of Henchey's early customers were businessmen, and after he got

DIXON-YATES CONTRACT may be invalid after all, says AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss, although he has repeatedly upheld its legality. Strauss's point: there may be a "conflict of interest" because Investment Banker Adolph Wenzell served simultaneously as a consultant to the Government and an executive of the First Bonton Corp., which helped in the project's financing. Possible loss to Dixon-Yates, if the contract is declared illegal: some \$3,000,000 spent on preliminary work at the West Memphis, Ark. power-plant site.

SHOE PRICES are going up. St. Louis' International Shoe Co., biggest U.S. shoemaker (1954 sales: \$246.8 million), will boost wholesale prices as much as 5% because of rising labor and material costs, consumer demand for more varied styles. Other big manufacturers will soon follow suit, increasing retail prices as much as \$1 per pair.

ATOMIC POWER is in the works for rural power cooperatives. The Atomic Energy Commission and the Rural Electrification Administration have offered four Texas power co-ops a chance to try out nuclear reactors ranging from 3,000 to 40,000 kw. capacity. Managers of the Texas co-ops will meet with REA and other officials in Phoenix, Ariz. to find out how much the reactors will cost, how they can be used in REA systems, and whether the Government will help share in the cost of the experiments.

SYNTHETIC-RUBBER will get the Government off the hook on its \$18 million wartime installation at Inmatite, W. Va. Though no one bid on the plant when 15 firms paid out \$310 million for 24 smaller rubber plants (Time, Feb. 7), the synthetic market has expanded so fast that six companies think they can handle the Institute plant's 122,000 long-ton annual capacity, have put in firm bids to buy.

PENSION FUNDS are over the \$20 billion mark. In its first detailed survey of the funds, the Securities &

out of the Air Force in 1952, he found that "this business aircraft thing really got rolling."

Henchey borrowed money and sold stock to raise \$750,000, got a 20-year lease on 2½ acres around his old repair shop, set to work on the Skymotive Terminal. It includes a 400-ft.-long hangar (space rental and normal services: \$75 a month for a DC-3, \$55 for a Beechcraft Bonanza), a modern two-story terminal building with lounge, office space (\$28.50 to \$80 a month), conference room, flight-planning room, kitchen and bath facilities.

There are now about 22,000 business planes in the U.S., 2,500 in 1946. Last year they flew farther than U.S. scheduled airlines on domestic routes: an estimated 546 million plane miles v. 525 million.

Exchange Commission reported that corporate pension funds managed by companies themselves (life insurance firms hold another \$9.8 billion) nearly doubled in assets from \$6.4 billion in 1951 to \$11.2 billion in 1954. While most of the investment is still in corporate bonds, common stockholdings tripled in the last three years, comprise \$2.1 billion of assets.

STONEHEARTED BANKERS are a thing of the past, says the New York State Bankers Association. To prove it, the association is kicking off "the biggest bank public-relations effort in history" with Know Your Bank Week for 650 state banks and their bankers. Suggested commercial to be used on radio and TV programs: "There's an old story about a banker who had a glass eye . . . Nobody could tell which one was real. No glassy stare will greet you at your local banks . . ."

PIGGYBACK SHIPPING will get a big boost from the Office of Defense Mobilization. ODM has set an expansion goal of 25 "roll-on, roll-off" oceangoing vessels to be used to ferry either trailer trucks or railroad freight cars, will grant fast tax write-offs to firms building the ships until Dec. 31, 1956. Three shipping companies have already signed up to build five ships worth \$14.5 million.

LAS VEGAS BOOM is tarnishing fast. After a bad summer for its resorts (Time, Sept. 19), Las Vegas' new \$3,000,000 Moulin Rouge, the city's first and only interracial hotel, has been shut down by debtors after only five months of operation.

FIRST ALL-RADAR AIRWAY will soon be set up to guide commercial transports along their routes. New airway will stretch 500 miles between Boston and Norfolk, Va., use a combination of military and civilian radar screens tied into a series of central traffic control stations. Instead of relying on radio—often and frequently inaccurate—position reports from planes, radar operators will be able to spot each plane's exact position.

GOVERNMENT

Benson v. Productivity

U.S. cotton prices, which suffered one of their deepest postwar price slumps (as much as \$10 a bale) in the futures market a fortnight ago, took another blow last week. The cause: an estimate by the U.S. Department of Agriculture that, despite a 14% acreage cut ordered this year to shore up prices, the 1955 cotton crop will be 2½% bigger than 1954's 3,696,000 bales. Good weather, increased use of fertilizer and close planting had boosted productivity; the average acre, by the department's estimate, would yield a "fantastic" 405 lbs. v. 341 last year and an average of 279 in the ten-year postwar period. Promptly, Secretary Ben-

THE HORSEPOWER RACE

It Doesn't Endanger Safety

WE urge manufacturers to tone down their increasing emphasis on more and more horsepower and higher and higher speed," said the American Automobile Association recently. Last week, as more and more of 1956's new models hit the showrooms, there was little indication that the automakers were paying attention to A.A.A.'s horsepower fear. Plymouth announced a 200 h.p. "Hy-Fire V-8" to match Ford's 202 h.p. "Thunderbird V-8"; Dodge and Mercury were boosted to 225-230 h.p., while Chrysler and Lincoln were up to 285 h.p., with most of General Motors still to come. Horsepowers were so high that state legislators talked seriously about cutting speed limits, increasing fines and auto taxes, even passing laws requiring speed governors on every car.

So the question arose: Are auto horsepowers dangerously high?

A good part of the uproar is mere exhaust rumble. Auto-industry engineers blame overzealous admen, who give the engines scorching nicknames ("Firedome," "Strato-Streak," "Blue-Flame") to promote the impression of jet-plane speeds and sell more cars in an ever tighter market. Sings an Oldsmobile ad: "Excitement rides with you when you ride a Rocket/Free and fleet and vibrantly alive/For taking off, or taking a curve."

Even allowing for Madison Avenue hyperbole, there is no doubt that 1956's cars are faster and more powerful than ever before. Since 1930, average horsepower has doubled to well over 140 h.p. At the same time, the average top speed for U.S. cars has gone from 66 m.p.h. to 97 m.p.h. Have the higher speeds brought more danger? No, say Detroit's engineers. From 1946 to 1954, according to statistics compiled by the Bureau of Public Roads, the average highway speed for U.S. passenger cars has climbed only 4 m.p.h., from 47 m.p.h. to 51 m.p.h. Furthermore, with better roads and tighter speed controls, the auto death rate in accidents has tumbled spectacularly, from 12 per 100 million miles in 1941 to 6.4 in 1954.

Looking at the statistics, auto engineers argue that increased horsepower has made cars more efficient and safer. The new engines push cars along easily at normal cruising speeds, thus give better mileage, have more acceleration for safe passing and a longer life without expensive repairs. Says Plymouth Chief Engineer Robert Anderson: "When the engine is just loafing along, you are getting much better fuel economy, and a lot more durabil-

ity. If the motor isn't straining, it's not wearing out so fast. And by keeping engine speed low with a powerful engine, we can keep a car quiet."

Since 1930, fuel economy has climbed 30% because of the new high-compression engines. Acceleration in the low- and middle-speed ranges is almost twice as fast: a 1946 model took 24 seconds to go from 10 to 60 m.p.h., the average 1955 model does it easily in less than 15 seconds; a few can do it in ten. For the crackpot motorist this is an invitation to disaster. But for thousands of others the ability to hit cruising speeds fast means fewer traffic jams, less danger pulling onto high-speed turnpikes.

High horsepower is a necessity for today's gadget-laden cars. The new automatic transmission, power brakes, power steering, power seat, and power window lift already bleed as much as 10 to 20 h.p. from the engine. And there is no stopping the gadgeteers: the latest air-conditioning units take another 10 h.p. to cool the air inside the car. Apart from the power-robbing gadgets, few engines ever develop horsepower figures contained in the advertising blurbs. Most automakers measure horsepower by means of a dynamometer: the engine is stripped of its load, ideally tuned and hooked up directly to the instrument. Thus, an advertised 200 h.p. engine may deliver that much on the test stand, but much less in actual torque delivered to the rear wheels of the car. After 3,000 miles, carbon deposits drain off 10 h.p.; a hot summer day robs the engine of another 20 h.p., because hot air decreases fuel mixture efficiency; another 20 h.p. goes to operate the fan belt, water pump, generator, etc.; still another 20 h.p. is lost in bearing, transmission and tire friction. With gadgets, the driver of a 200 h.p. car may wind up with little more than 100 h.p. to move his car.

Nevertheless, Detroit is becoming aware that more horsepower will soon get past the point of paying dividends—both from an engineering and a public-relations standpoint. For 1956, the industry is making another pitch to car buyers: more safety—with seat belts, shock-absorbing steering wheels and padded instrument panels. Some industry officials think that engines may climb as high as 400 h.p. but not much higher. Says Ford's Continental Chief Bill Ford: "Up in that range pure horsepower is useless. You step on the accelerator and just burn rubber. You may have the most, but for all practical purposes, you have nothing."

son announced another cut in cotton plantings. For 1956, they will be reduced to 17,391,304 acres, 4% less than this year. This acreage at average yields will produce 10 million bales, the lowest quota allowed by law.

Will this solve the surplus problem? Benson doubted it. Markets have shrunk, and surpluses are so mountainous that it will take more than a 4% acreage cut to reduce them. The Government holds more than 6,000,000 bales (\$1.1 billion worth) of cotton bought in support of prices at 90% of parity, will probably have to take over another 2,000,000 bales of last year's crop on which it has already made loans. Special restrictions on resale of this cotton virtually price it out of the domestic market, which in any case has not grown nearly fast enough to keep up with productivity.

Foreign markets provide no solution. In the 1920's the U.S. exported an average of 7,500,000 bales annually, roughly 57% of world cotton exports. In the marketing year ended last summer, the high price of U.S. cotton cut U.S. exports to only 3,500,000 bales. The Government cannot even salvage part of its loss by selling abroad at cut prices; foreign governments and the State Department both vigorously oppose anything that looks like dumping.

The solution to all cotton's problems, as Benson sees it, is to work out a more flexible support program, under which the Department of Agriculture could lower the price-support level when it saw fit. Benson thinks that a flexible formula would drop prices with a minimum of pain, boost the U.S. in world markets, help clear out the Government's surplus stocks.

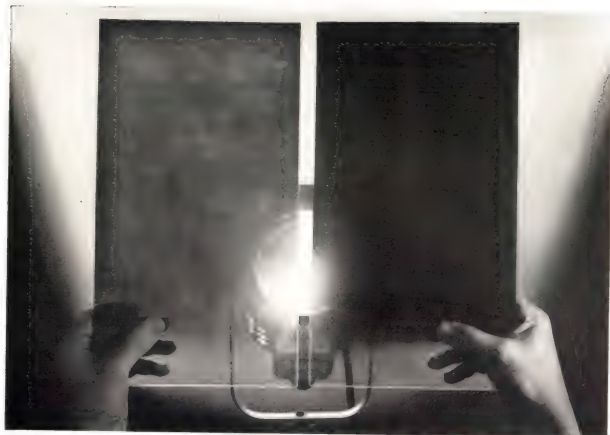
TRAVEL

Home Away from Home

An American tourist who landed in Paris last week while it was overrun by visitors to the International Auto Show plaintively wrote her daughter in the U.S.: "We spend all our time at the American Express office. Here we can sit down and talk quietly. And it's the only place in town with a clean rest room."

For half a century, Americans in Paris—sophisticates and innocents alike—have felt the same way about the American Express office. To them, the grimy-faced, flatiron-shaped building at 11 Rue Scribe, across the street from the Opéra, has been their home away from home. It has handled their mail (750,000 pieces a year, addressed simply c/o American Express, Paris), cashed their checks, even furnished them with "*jeunes filles de bonne famille*" for baby-sitters. Through its portals as many as 10,000 Americans have thronged each day in search of information, messages or waiting friends.

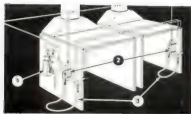
Supermodern Island. Last week progress and change came to 11 Rue Scribe. A gang of builders invaded the old structure, gutted the ground floor and prepared to rebuild the entire six floors. Only the outside will remain the same. France's "Law on Historic Monuments" jealously prohibits tampering with the building's



Paint applied to its maximum film thickness by the usual spray method (cold) looks like this in front of a powerful spotlight. Note coverage.

Same paint applied by the DeVilbiss Hot-Spray method produces far greater coverage with a heavier coat, as the glass panel on right shows.

Demonstration on glass proves DeVilbiss Hot Spray cuts finishing costs



DeVilbiss Hot-Spray system is foolproof; adapts to multiple gun hook-ups. Hot water from master heater (1) heats paint in exchangers (2); heat-jacketed hose assemblies (3) keep paint hot right up to guns, assuring uniform viscosity at all times at each gun.

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This superior finishing method saves up to 50% in material and labor costs; may be used on all types of products — from autos, furniture, and appliances to military tanks. For facts on how much the DeVilbiss Paint Heater can save *you*, call your DeVilbiss supplier!

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CAST IRON PIPE

traditional façade; city officials refused even to let American Express sandblast its grimy exterior lest this make the nearby grimy Opéra look even dirtier.

When the rebuilders finish April 15, the inside of 11 Rue Scribe will be a super-modern island of U.S. business efficiency in the old world. Gone will be the curlicued wrought iron balustrades, the clutter of desks on the ground floor, the buckety old elevators so useful to a lonely tourist trying to strike up an acquaintanceship with a pretty Iowa schoolmarm. In their place will be \$750,000 worth of electronic gadgets, air conditioning, an escalator and labor-saving business machines. Last week, as traditionalists complained, American Express President Ralph T. Reed explained: "Travel has become big business,



Jean Marie Marcel

No. 11 RUE SCRIBE
The face will never change.

and we can serve the American public today only by adopting the most modern advances of business technology."

Point V. In the current year U.S. travel has skyrocketed as never before, increasing by an estimated \$200 million in just twelve months. Reed calls such spending abroad the new Point V. "the economic power of the American people directed to overseas nations through tourism." He estimates that U.S. travelers last year furnished foreign governments with more than twice as many dollars as did the U.S. Government through economic aid; and closed 10% of the foreign dollar gap.

The travel increase has also meant peak profits (\$4,685,000 last year) for 105-year-old American Express as well. In the past decade the company expanded more than it did in its previous 95 years—growing from 50 offices to 143 in 36 countries. This year alone, American Express has opened or enlarged twelve branches, from Istanbul to Honolulu to Houston.

The Grand Tour. The company has grown in other ways. No longer dedicated solely to the care and feeding of wealthy

*She saw Wausau! A noted magazine
Editor-Publisher discovers a city with an
unusual name—where even the people
and their way of life seem different*

Wausau Story

by ENID A. HAUPT, Editor-Publisher of Seventeen Magazine

"It's not too big—as cities go. About 30,000 population. But there's a certain spirit about Wausau that's really unique. A 'personality' that's easy to meet and to live with. I sensed it the moment I arrived in town.

"Wausau people have a kind of warmth and down-to-earthness that I like. 'Hominess,' I guess, is the word for it.

"Take Norton Leaps, for instance. He's a friendly, energetic World War II veteran with a knack for flowers. 10 short years ago he started a floral shop and greenhouse. Today he has two greenhouses and will soon blossom out with a third. As we chatted, I could see how happy he was with his work and with Wausau. Obviously, Wausau is equally happy with him.

"But there's another side to this friendly, easy-going attitude of Wausau people. I found that folks up there don't seem to take up fads. They seem to enjoy the freedom of being themselves—not trying to copy someone else.

"Wherever I went in Wausau—on the streets, in the stores, at the television station, the depot, the hotel—I saw more individuality than I've seen in many larger cities.

"At Wausau Senior High School, for example, I met scores of young people. Yet in their dress, manners, and speech—even the way the girls wore their hair—there was no faddishness, no following of a current craze.

"Later that day, at dinner, I found this same refreshing attitude in the people from Employers Mutuals. I wasn't at all surprised. For they're Wausau people—with a Wausau way of doing things. No wonder they've gained a reputation for being good people to do business with."



Mrs. Haupt visits Miss Kurath's (standing at left) Home Economics class at Wausau Senior High School.



"You're a fortunate man," Mrs. Haupt tells Norton Leaps, florist, "to be able to make your livelihood from something you love."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

The "Wausau personality" which Mrs. Haupt discovered is not restricted to Wausau's city limits. The same individualism, the same straightforward desire to do a job right can be found with the folks of Employers Mutuals in any of the 90 cities where we have offices. There's a little

bit of Wausau in each of the 48 states!

What fields do we cover? Everything but life insurance. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance—including automobile. And we're one of the very largest in workmen's compensation.

In all of these we think you'll appreciate

our fairness and unexcelled service on claims—and our dedicated field force with whom you deal *directly*.

So if you want information on how we can serve your insurance needs, we invite you to phone a local office or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin. We'll give you the facts quickly and honestly. For that too, is the "Wausau Way" of doing business.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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Department S-75

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voyagers on the Grand Tour, it is keyed to the mass market, the growing number of modestly paid young Americans out to see the sights "while they can still enjoy it." (Where five years ago only 1/2 of 1% of U.S. travelers were stenographers, according to their passport classifications, stenographers now make up 8% of the total.) To its dozens of services American Express has added some new ones. It arranges sightseeing tours of American sailors on shore leave, ships delegations of G.I.s to the Holland bulb fields, arranges safaris in Africa.

Last week President Reed was working on a new project: travel to Russia. It is estimated that as many as 100,000 Americans would like to travel through the Soviet Union. If international conditions permit, and if he can work out a deal with Russia's official Intourist agency, Reed hopes eventually to be sending tourists on vacation trips to Moscow.

CORPORATIONS

The Problems of Westinghouse

Said a top Chicago retailer: "The trouble with Westinghouse is that it isn't anywhere near aggressive enough. It's not on the hall." Last week there were plenty of signs that Westinghouse, the 13th-biggest U.S. corporation, was not on the hall. In a year when most big corporations were reporting record earnings, Westinghouse sales were down 7% in the first six months and profits down a big 35%. (Chief competitor General Electric had a 5% sales rise in the first six months and a 9% profit increase.) For the third quarter, Westinghouse profits were estimated at 85¢ to 90¢ a share, compared to \$1.04 last year, while the company's profits for the full year are expected to be well under \$4 a share—the lowest since 1948 and a sharp drop from last year's \$5.06. As a result, the price of Westinghouse stock has dropped steadily from a bull-market high of 83 to the year's low of 55 1/2.

Next week Westinghouse faces more trouble. A House Military Operations subcommittee opens public hearings into the costly fiasco of the Navy's Demon fighters, which were powered by Westinghouse engines. Five of these swept-wing fighters, made by St. Louis' McDonnell Aircraft Corp., have crashed; 21 others are lined up at St. Louis' Municipal Airport and will never fly; they will be used instead for research and mechanics' training. The remaining 29 that were made will require new jet engines, to be supplied by General Motors' Allison division, before they can be put into service. The Navy indicated that the failure of the building program was chiefly due to the fact that the Westinghouse engines were subject to "breakdowns" and their "power was insufficient."

Engine Flop. Westinghouse denied that engine failure was responsible for any of the crashes. But it did admit that it had failed to supply the Navy with the kind of engine the Navy expected. Back in 1948, the Navy gave Westinghouse a con-



PRESIDENT PRICE
Rumbles in Wall Street.

tract to perfect a more powerful model of the J40 jet engine, which Westinghouse was then developing. The improved model was to go into the Demon fighter. But Westinghouse ran into a multitude of troubles. It lacked the engineers and experimental facilities to develop the engine, which proved full of bugs, e.g., excessive fuel consumption. As a stopgap, when the Navy was desperately in need of jet fighters for the Korean war, the J40 was installed in the Demon fighters. But finally, when development of the new model fell behind schedule, the Navy canceled the contract.

The Westinghouse engine flop crippled more than the Demon program. Five other Navy planes, which had been de-



SALESWOMAN FURNESS
Chitter-chatter on Park Avenue.

signed to take Westinghouse engines, were canceled, redesigned or delayed. Resulting loss to the Government: upwards of \$100 million. The flop cost Westinghouse all its Government jet contracts, millions in potential profits and a big chunk of prestige.

Behind the Competition? Westinghouse has other difficulties, notably in appliances and heavy industrial equipment, the two divisions which traditionally account for over three-fourths of the company sales.

Appliance dealers complain that Westinghouse is not keeping pace with the competition. In a high-income, highly competitive market, appliances have become increasingly faddish and highly styled, and the company that hesitates to change is lost. Many dealers feel that Westinghouse has moved too slowly. For example, most of Westinghouse's competitors brought out a "hot leader," a \$109 refrigerator. By the time Westinghouse finally got around to a \$109 refrigerator of its own, dealers said that it was too late. The field was flooded.

Dealers also complain that Westinghouse TV sets are selling poorly because their styling is "a little backward, sort of corny." There is grumbling because so much of the Westinghouse advertising budget is spent on national advertising and on TV, so little for the local tie-in campaigns that nail down sales. Some of the ill feeling even brushes off on topnotch TV Saleswoman Betty Furness. Snapped a Seattle dealer: "She condescends to women, talks down to them. Maybe her kind of chitter-chatter goes good on Park Avenue, but not in Seattle, Washington."

Rival Unions. Westinghouse has also been losing out on sales of heavy industrial equipment, occasionally failing to meet its delivery schedules. Its power-plant department, said a public-utility man, needs to revise its basic designs ("they lack venturesomeness").

Then there are labor troubles. In the first nine months of this year, while industry as a whole enjoyed unusual labor peace, Westinghouse had 94 work stoppages costing 5,000,000 production man hours. Sometimes they were not Westinghouse's fault: Westinghouse was the battleground for two rival unions competing for its employees. But Westinghouse pulled some boners. Last August, on the eve of wage negotiations, Westinghouse got into a dispute over a time study at the huge East Pittsburgh plant and the men walked out. Twenty-eight other plants went out in sympathy, but went back when it was agreed to negotiate the dispute along with the other issues. However, this week negotiations bogged down and 46,000 CIO-IUE workers walked out.

Too Much Cash? Wall Street's financial experts criticize the tendency of Westinghouse President Gwilym A. Price, a onetime banker, to hang onto the company cash instead of putting it to work to earn more cash. Westinghouse has a larger cash reserve (\$344 million) than G.E. (\$307 million), which does twice as much

This announcement appears as a matter of record only.

New Financing

October 11, 1955.

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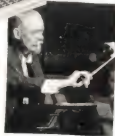
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F. L. STUNGESS
DEPUTY MINISTER

business. While loaded with cash Westinghouse has been borrowing for expansion, now has a debt of \$325 million. G.E. has none.

For all of this, there are many bright spots. Westinghouse is moving fast in the growing field of industrial atomics. It turned out the atomic-propulsion unit for the submarine *Nutilus* and is building reactors for an aircraft carrier and for fleet-type submarines. Westinghouse is also constructing the reactor and parts for Shippingport, the first U.S. central atomic-power station.

Top company management is now alive to its problems. Price and Mark Cresap, his executive vice president and their apparent, are vigorously counterattacking. To recapture falling sales, the company is hiring topnotch salesmen, boosting its sales organization by 20%. Promised Price: "We're definitely going to step up our merchandising activities at the local level and we'll spend whatever is necessary." In an attempt to get back into the jet field, it has spent \$30 million on jet-engine facilities and is testing a new medium-power jet engine, hopes to get Navy orders for it.

The company hired Assistant Chief Engineer Donald Burnham away from Oldsmobile and put him in charge of cutting costs. It is setting up a wholly new laboratory, staffing it with 40 engineers and technicians who will devote full time to shaving costs. Said Cresap: "Each division manager has been given a profit bogey to meet, along with a free hand to cut costs and expenses wherever necessary to produce that profit. The requirement is strongly upon us to get our expense house in order."

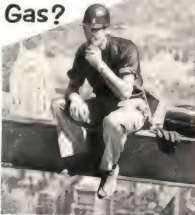
ADVERTISING

Change for Coke

In 1906, the young D'Arcy Advertising Co. of St. Louis welcomed a new account: a small soft-drink manufacturer. In the next 49 years, the agency made Coca-Cola's name and "The Pause that Refreshes" known around the world, helped boost yearly sales to \$200 million. Last week Coke and D'Arcy parted; the \$15 million-a-year account was given to Manhattan's McCann-Erickson agency.

In making the change, Coca-Cola said that it hoped to "integrate international and domestic advertising," pointed out that McCann-Erickson has worked for Coca-Cola Export Corp., and has offices all over the world. But behind the change, also, may be the fact that Coke is having trouble holding its top position. Last year Coke's net earnings dropped 8% while other companies jumped (Pepsi-Cola's by 13%). In January of this year, Coke and D'Arcy tried a new sales approach, kicked off a big ad campaign featuring models in plush surroundings instead of home-town folks in corner drugstores. Trade magazines promptly kidded Coke for being years behind Pepsi-Cola. When Coke began introducing bigger bottles, Pepsi remarked: "It's fun to be followed—to be recognized as the leader."

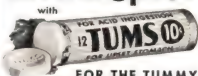
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TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1955



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MILESTONES

Married. Oscar Ross Ewing, 66, Federal Security Administrator (1947-52) who helped lead President Truman's unsuccessful fight for a compulsory national health insurance bill; and Mrs. Mary Whiting Thomas, 49; in Durham, N.C.

Died. Hector ("Wee Hector") McNeil, 48, Scottish-born Minister of State (1946-50) in Britain's postwar Labor government. Member of Parliament (1941-55), delegate to the United Nations (1946-49), Vice President of the U.N. General Assembly in 1947; of a cerebral hemorrhage suffered aboard the *Queen Mary* while en route to the U.S.; in Manhattan.

Died. General Manuel Avila Camacho, 58, President of Mexico (1940-46); of a heart attack; at his ranch near Mexico City. A brave but unflamboyant fighter in the flamboyant Mexican revolution Avila Camacho climbed the ranks to Minister of National Defense under President (1934-40) Lázaro Cárdenas, who then helped Avila Camacho get elected. Wartime President Avila Camacho junked Cárdenas' leftism, lined his country up on the Allied side, relaxed the government's historic anticlericalism by his famed statement, "I am a believer."

Died. Arthur Hammerstein, 82, old-time Broadway producer (*Rose Marie*, *Naughty Marietta*), son of Impresario Oscar Hammerstein, uncle of Librettist Oscar Hammerstein II (*Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*); in Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Demetrios Maximos, 82, Premier of Greece in 1947, head of a coalition cabinet directed against the Communist guerrillas; in Athens.

Died. Bernarr ("Body Love") Macfadden, 87, "Father of Physical Culture," onetime publishing tycoon who bossed an empire of 13 magazines and ten newspapers (*True Story*, *True Detective*, *Liberty*, etc.) with a total estimated monthly circulation of 16 million; of jaundice aggravated by a three-day fast; in Jersey City. The frail son of an alcoholic father and a tuberculous mother, Macfadden was an orphan at eight. In 1898 he founded *Physical Culture* magazine ("Weakness is a crime. Don't be a criminal"). By 1931 he admitted to a fortune of \$30 million. Married four times and the father of nine, Faddist Macfadden's simpler tents included "grass eating, having babies without doctors, standing on your head to make your hair grow." He favored one-legged squatting exercises, no alcohol, no steaks (lunch varied from grass tea and pea soup to nuts, beet juice and carrot strips). He pioneered in popularizing bed-boards, enriched flour, scanty swimsuits and sunbathing. He celebrated his 81st, 83rd and 84th birthdays by parachuting from aircraft, getting his brittle, still impressively muscular 5-ft. 6-in. body to earth without injury.



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CINEMA

Newsreel

Prosperity-in-Hollywood note: M-G-M announced that its stable of spotlight screen writers had hit an eight-year high, with 51 writers at work on 41 major movies.

The four-cornered race to film Leo Tolstoy's classic, *War and Peace*, is over, and the Italian producers, Ponti-de Laurentis (American associate: Paramount), are left with a clear field: Producer Mike Todd has dropped his project, despite a finished script by Playwright Robert E. Sherwood and months of preparatory work put in by Director Fred (High Noon) Zinnemann. (M-G-M and Producer David O. Selznick quit the race months ago.) The Ponti-de Laurentis movie version of the great Russian novel is being shot in Italy and Yugoslavia, with Audrey Hepburn starring.

Indicating that his previous warnings against sadistic scenes in movies were not being heeded, British Movie Censor Arthur T. L. Watkins blasted British and American producers, announced that in the first seven months of this year 624 cuts were made in 389 movies shown in England, most of them because of excessive cruelty and violence.

Chicago Police Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor also acted as censor when his department banned the French film *Game of Love* (TIME, Jan. 24). O'Connor testified that the movie must be immoral and obscene because it "aroused sexual feelings in me." Said he: "Feelings should come naturally. There are no stimulants necessary for nature. Nature takes care of itself."

Many of the novels (*A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*) and short stories (*The Killers*, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*) of Nobel Prizewinner Ernest Hemingway have long since been translated to the screen, but 20th Century-Fox announced that Hemingway's first novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), will finally get a movie treatment with Howard Hawks directing.

The New Pictures

Oklahoma! (Magna Theater Corp.) shows how far a man can go with one word of Choctaw. The Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein musical opened on Broadway on March 31, 1943, and enjoyed the longest run (2,248 consecutive performances) of any musical in world history. Counting the road companies (four) and the foreign productions (six), *Oklahoma!* was seen by more than 10 million and made more than \$50 million. But that, as Rodgers & Hammerstein were well aware, was only the beginning. If *Oklahoma!* could make \$50 million from 10 million theatergoers, what Mississippi of money might not pour back from the 13,520,000,000 movie admissions that are paid every year.

Rodgers & Hammerstein premeditated their killing carefully, and the screen ver-



GORDON MACRAE & SHIRLEY JONES
Higher than an elephant's eye.


sion of *Oklahoma!*, which cost \$12 million to make and distribute, seems sure to knock 'em dead in numbers perhaps without precedent—some observers are already predicting a \$75 million gross. At least on the billboards, this dollarpalooza has everything that the Broadway musical had, along with Eastman Color, famous names, and a technique called Todd-AO—a brand-new, giant-screen process all its own. *Oklahoma!* will run at advanced prices (from \$1.50 to \$3.50) in 50 cities from coast to coast before it is distributed through regular channels.

And what will the customers get for their money? They will get what is surely one of the biggest musicals ever put on film. The Todd-AO screen is 50 ft. wide and 25 ft. high, and the picture lasts 2½ hours with one intermission. They will also get a picture that, whatever its merits as mass entertainment, bears about as much relation to the Broadway *Oklahoma!* as a 1956 Cadillac does to the surrey with the fringe on top.

The play itself was far enough from the frontier it pretended to present, and the worst thing about it was the atmosphere of Park Avenue hayride: its coy, commercial pretense that its outhouse-and-leotards folksiness was the essence of America itself. With its first frames the camera swallows this pretension whole. As the hero (Gordon MacRae) rides into the picture, looking about as indigenous as Gene Autry, and singing in a well-schooled voice about the corn that's as high as an elephant's eye, the camera glides through what is probably the most expensive field of the native grain ever grown.

"Just any average cornfield wouldn't do," a publicity release explains. "To recreate for people the world of their childhood wonders . . . the producers got an

TIME, OCTOBER 24, 1955



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agricultural expert . . . October-maturing corn had to be raised by July 14 . . . 2,100 stalks, 14 neat rows . . . hand-planted, hand-fed, hand-watered . . . reached the skyscraping height of 16 feet." Not only is this hyperbolic flora somewhat higher than is necessary—the eye of the average elephant is only about eight feet from the ground—but also it is of such rich green pluperfection that it looks like nothing more than a cardboard imitation from a decorator's window.

Like corn like picture. The charm of the play was in its note, however falsetto, of meadowy romp and dooryard home-iness. But the demand of the giant screen is for size and spectacle. The figure of Laurie, far away and touching as she sings *Out of My Dreams* ("and into your arms"), becomes on the screen a colossal closeup in which the heroine's left nostril alone is large enough to park a jeep in. The dances, too, come far too close for comfort. Though Agnes de Mille revised them for the camera, they now seem more like sophomore scrimmages than witty asides, and look as if they have been a little too thoroughly through de Mille.

But in spite of its age and the fact that its 145-minute mass is sometimes dragging, *Oklahoma!* hollers itself home as a handsome piece of entertainment. The plot, to begin with, is just about perfect for a musical: cowboy loves farmgirl, sinister farmhand menaces farmgirl, cowboy kills farmhand, cowboy weds farmgirl, everybody rides into sunset. It is as simple and innocent as a birthday cake, in which the songs are set as naturally as candles—and dazzling good songs they still are.

Pleasant, too, are the color, the costumes and the settings—and Fred (*High Noon*) Zinnemann's direction is light and sure. Hero Gordon MacRae acts with a winning warmth and naturalness, and shows a voice as clear and flexible as any in Hollywood. James Whitmore, Jay C. Flippen, Eddie Albert and Charlotte Greenwood are good in secondary roles but the real stunner of the show is the heroine, a 21-year-old newcomer from Smithton, Pa. named Shirley Jones. She has a milky, springtime skin, a creamy figure, and a smile like melting butter. Her brook-clear soprano is the best voice in the picture. In her next movie, *Carrousel*, she will also co-star with Gordon MacRae, and if they don't watch out they may become the Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald of the '40s.

The Big Knife (Robert Aldrich: United Artists) is one of the wickedest instruments ever plunged into Hollywood's always bleeding heart. Furthermore, it is twisted a few times, slowly, just to emphasize the point. The assassin in the case is Clifford Odets, the brilliant playwright (*Waiting for Lefty*) who lived right and thought left in Hollywood during the '40s. The deed he does here was originally perpetrated as a Broadway play in 1949. As a movie, it is arousing consternation, indignation and malicious delight among some of Hollywood's best people.

The story bears a vague, uncomfortable

resemblance to Odets' own, and though no names are named, a lot of famous ears are already tingling. The hero (Jack Palance) is a prominent movie star with a career "out of the storybooks" and a bracing regimen of "health, hard work, rare roast beef and good scripts," but somehow he cannot content himself with life among the movie idols. The trouble is that he once had "idealism"—a quality that seems to have involuted, as far as Odets is concerned, being out of a job and bitter about it—but he sold his ideals when he went to Hollywood, or so he feels, for the mess of modernistic potage he lives in, and the inalienable right to Swedish massage. Now his wife (Ida Lupino) is leaving him, his contract is coming up for renewal, and he is beginning to feel like a spiritual geyser—"one of those witless, sold-out guys, sitting



DIRECTOR ALDRICH & ACTRESS LUPINO
A spitball for the movie idles.

around the gin table, swapping phone numbers and the latest dirt."

Next cliché: he decides to quit, go back to New York, find a play he believes in, recover his self-respect. Enter the Big Producer (Rod Steiger), who would be the silliest ore since *Jack and the Beanstalk* if he were not at the same time a frighteningly close caricature of a well-known Hollywood type—the self-made magnate who demonstrates in his person, as Fred Allen once remarked, "the horrors of unskilled labor." Producer lays it on the line: sign the contract or go to jail (for the hit-and-run killing of a girl, committed while the star was driving drunk—a rap that was taken for him by a studio flunkie). Star signs.

Down and down he goes after that, saucing up all day and bedding down at night with his friends' wives, until one day the studio hatchet man (Wendell Corey) drops in "to throw the raw meat on the floor." The girl (Shelley Winters), who was with the star on the night of his

Executive suite: 1956

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ALCOA ALUMINUM FORGED DISC WHEELS

accident, has been drinking fast and talking loose. "She's dishonest," somebody remarks. "She won't stay bought." The hatchet man concludes: "She'll have to be removed." Murder, however, is too rich for the star's blood. He lets the producer know that if anybody is killed he will spill his guts to the police. In a rage, the producer fires him. Free at last, but with no strength left to face his freedom, the star commits suicide.

The Big Knife, from first frame to last, arches with tension like a drawn bow. The Odets script, adapted for the screen by James Poe, has been beautifully grained and shaped by two fine craftsmen, and it takes every ounce of strain that Producer-Director Robert Aldrich leans against it. Aldrich gets striking performances from his actors. Jack Palance, a gifted portrayer of brute instinct, is miscast as a man whose problem is the loss of his instincts, but his intensity and sincerity propel the action vigorously even where they confuse its motives. Ida Lupino, as always, is a capable trouper; Shelley Winters makes an amusing roundheel; and Jean Hagen gives her some tart competition. Perhaps best of all is Wendell Corey as the sort of operator who has long since opened his veins, let out all the poetry and filled up with Prestone for life's long winter.

The bow arches, but when Odets and Aldrich let their arrow fly, it turns out to be little more than a schoolboyish spitball. They have a truth, but they make it seem like a lie by suggesting that the big bosses in Hollywood do murder in the regular course of business. It may be so, but the public will not believe it. Furthermore, the ideologizing is almost childishly vague. At the fadeout, when Ida Lupino stands there crying "Help! Help!" the moviegoer may wonder just whom he is being asked to help—a lot of unhappy Hollywood millionaires? As far as most moviegoers are concerned, they can all go strangle on their gold-plated Corn Flakes.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire (TIME, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needs TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

The Sheep Has Five Legs. French Comic Fernandel, who is much too funny for one man, plays six. He is too funny for six men, too (TIME, Sept. 5).

Ulysses. The Homeric legend made (in Italy) into a foaming saga of sea adventure; with Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano (TIME, Aug. 22).

I Am a Camera. A nymph's regress in Christopher Isherwood's Berlin; Julie Harris, at both hooch and cooch, is a comic sensation (TIME, Aug. 15).



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"Cause stocks were uncertain and shipments erratic*



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Old Indestructible

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT (1,339 pp.)—Hanover House—(\$5.95).

Guy de Maupassant had an eye for life as clear and wary as that of a Norman peasant eating the good side of a wormy apple. De Maupassant was proud as a boy of his feats of strength, he grew up to be an industrious lover of women, and he died, a syphilitic madman, at the age of 43. He was a great writer.

He had a Norman's instinct for power, and he marshaled his little world of words like a master. In his ten productive years he wrote nearly 300 short stories, half a dozen novels, verse, plays, and a mass of journalism. The style of his stories gave

1955, distressed by its own faithlessness, may long for something more than the hard sneer of a peasant who has made good in the city. But the man had power and style, and his best stories have the indestructibility of the peasant's Sunday bowler hat.

Death, American Plan

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN FUNERAL DIRECTING (636 pp.)—Robert W. Habenstein & William M. Lamers—Bulfinch Printers (\$5).

Death on the American Plan is practiced in a temple of make-believe known as the Funeral Home. The shrine is constructed, as often as possible, along the lines of a country club and rectory combined. Outside, there are gracious plant-

authors is as dry as Aristotle's ashes, their history of the social, commercial, sanitary, sexual, artistic and religious relations between the living and the dead has a great and gruesome fascination.

Grisly Jollity. Before entering the American slumber room, the authors sketch the millennia of funeral customs that led up to it.

Confronted with the dead body, men have asked themselves at various times: "Shall we lay it in a boat that is seadiff? . . . Shall we expose it to wild animals? Burn it on a pyre? Push it into a pinak to rot with other bodies? Boil it until the flesh falls off the bones, and throw the flesh away and treasure the bones?" Primitive peoples discovered that, by devouring a dead body, they did not acquire its spirit; with that insight, as myths tell it, the original oneness of spirit and body, heaven and hell, was torn asunder. The ancient Egyptians spent half their lives preparing for the afterlife (some lucky corpses were sent to eternity in a glass shaft carved to represent the phallus of Osiris); at times it seemed as if only the grave robbers, who returned a large percentage of buried wealth to circulation, saved the nation from bankruptcy. The Macedonians did things more simply (Alexander the Great was transported to his burial in honey).

The Christian Middle Ages at first simply and starkly re-enacted Christ's burial. Later, the ceremonies of death became complicated, e.g., many families employed a "sin-eater" who took the dead man's sins upon himself by eating a loaf of bread and drinking a bowl of beer over the corpse. Embalmers, whose craft the book covers in the most intimate detail, advanced steadily (one notable medieval corpse was preserved in olive catsup). It was Leonardo Da Vinci, the father of modern embalming, who developed the method of intravenous injection which was adopted in 17th century England. There were setbacks, of course. One Richard Hull, of Scotland, in accordance with a notion that on Judgment Day the world will be tipped the other way round, had himself buried upside down on his horse.

By the 18th century there had emerged in England a demi-reputable tradition of the "dismal trader," although for a long time the undertaker used to inspire communal shudders (in ancient Rome he was barred from politics). Now he had become "a strong, presentable man with a good suit of black clothes of his own"—and the scene was set for The Great American Funeral.

In the earliest colonial days, funerals were a Saturnalian safety valve. "They were the only class of scenes," wrote Hawthorne, "in which our ancestors were wont to steep their tough old hearts in wine and strong drink and indulge in an outbreak of grisly jollity." When a man died, in-laws and out, friends, neighbors and creditors descended on the sobbing widow, who was expected to welcome them with all kinds of vittles—beef, ham, turkeys, oysters, fruit, cheese and sweets



WAKE IN 19TH CENTURY NEW YORK (FAMILY FIGHTING OVER INHERITANCE)
Eternal rest—in glass, iron, rubber, papier-mâché and olive catsup.

a tougher skin to all fiction written since, and during his life (1850-93) he was a rich man and internationally famous.

With all this industry, confusion was inescapable—as was plagiarism by lesser writers. Bulgarian-born Professor Artine Artinian of New York's Bard College, long a pro-De Maupassant agitator, has now brought out the first complete English-language edition of the master's works, with 65 stories purged from the old De Maupassant canon and with hitherto unknown or unpublished pieces added.

De Maupassant wrote "daring" stories in a society that still preserved the bourgeois decencies. Today, his people—as seen with the sharp focus of a man who wears his reading glasses because he dines alone—no longer seem as real as realism would suggest. His world, as "simple and faithless as a smile and a shake of the hand," no longer exists. The world of

ings of evergreens—designed to "create favorable public sentiment." Inside, there is a sumptuous succession of music rooms, chapels, lavatories, storerooms, and, of course, "slumber rooms." The decoration is "subdued but cheerful," which enables many funeral homes, when their business is lagging, to rent space to wedding parties. And here, where the reek of euphemism mingles with the chemical deodorant and the recorded hymn, has been perfected "the new aesthetic of death," a specifically American response to the handwriting on the wall.

If it is true, as Mark Twain once remarked, that a community can be known by the funerals it holds, then *The History of American Funeral Directing*, by Sociologist Robert W. Habenstein and Historian William M. Lamers, may reveal more about America than many Americans want to know. Though the style of the

—as well as gallons of the local mulekick. After the corpse had been volleyed to Kingdom Come by the customary funeral fusillade, there was howling and bundling, sparking and frisking on the green. And in addition to the hospitality, the bereaved family was expected to provide mementos, usually rings or gloves (one clergyman, in 32 years of funeral-going, received 2,940 pairs of gloves).

Answer to Body Snatchers. As the towns began to grow, the tradesmen began to chase the corpses. Before long, advertisements like that of Z. Cotton & Son of Cambridge, N.Y. ("Dentists, Undertakers, Picture Frames a Speciality") were a common sight. Sometimes the commercial combinations had a sinister sound, as in the case of one Hollis Chaffin of Providence, R.I., an undertaker who ran an old folks' home on the side.

One of the first things the American undertaker changed was the old "wooden overcoat." In an age when the grave robber and the medical student were supposedly working hand in glove, "safe" coffins, made at first of iron, came in vogue. Soon there were models in zinc, glass, terra cotta, papier-mâché, hydraulic cement and vulcanized rubber. The coffin torpedo, marketed in 1878, was the final answer to body snatchers—it featured a bomb that was triggered to go off when the coffin lid was lifted. However, the triumph of sepulchral gadgeteering was the "life signal," which offered mechanical surcease for the widespread terror of being accidentally buried alive. In such devices the victim was provided with a bell rope, a speaking tube, an air vent or even a ladder.

Gingerbread & Root Beer. When technology had run its gamut, the "aesthetic movement" began. The word "coffin" was suddenly offensive, and undertakers spoke in hushed tones of the "artistic casket." Scrolls proliferated, along with cut glass, sculptured silver and Venetian lace. A few years of this and a poet prayed: "Mother dear, when I lie dead / Bury me not in gingerbread!"

The most complex development in the 19th century funeral business came in the treatment of the remains. Probably the first man to practice intravenous embalming in the U.S. was Thomas H. Holmes of New York, a flashy individual who made \$400,000 during the Civil War by embalming war dead, lost it all and by living in Brooklyn, where he manufactured a factured embalming fluid as well as "a tasty root beer." Competitors soon came out with "Crane's Electro-Dynamic Mummifier," "Professor Rhodes' Electric Balm," and a popular fluid known as "Utopia." In 1882 the first embalming school offered a three-week course.

In less than a century, the hasty funeral jobber became something like a theatrical producer, and with proper pride he set about ridding away his social stigma. He changed his title from "undertaker" to "mortician" and later to "funeral director." The "curbstone undertakers" were curbed by their colleagues, and sanitary standards were generally set up

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before the law got around to it. In some states it now takes three years—two in college and one in a school of "mortuary science"—to get an undertaker's diploma.

The Black Book. The body business, however, is one of the few in the U.S. today that are not booming. Though the U.S. birth rate has been fairly constant since 1900, the death rate has been cut in half. In 1888 an average undertaker could expect to handle almost 100 funerals in twelve months; nowadays, he is lucky to beat 60. Few funeral directors today are so unseemly as to chase an ambulance themselves, but most of them have "personal contacts" in hospitals.

But as regards credit, at least, the business is on sound footing—a fact foreshadowed in the 19th century by a trade practice known as "the black book," which operated to the effect that no undertaker would provide a funeral for a family that still owed another undertaker for another. Today most funeral directors have to write off less than 2% of their income to bad debts.

Turning from the financial to the psychological ledger, the book suggests one conclusion: the funeral ethic of 20th century America makes the most serious attempt in history to blink the ultimate fact. With its primed remains and imitation-grass-carpeted graves, it sets out to pull death's sting and all too often removes its significance, too. In "modern mortuary method," the funeral sermon is frequently nothing more than God's commercial, grooved in, as the authors explain, to "expedite the mourning process," and grief is classified as a "problem of bereavement." Instead of eternal life, the customer is more apt to be promised that in his final resting place he will receive, upon payment into a small sinking fund, "perpetual care."

Model Lives

THE FABULOUS ORIGINALS (317 pp.)—Irving Wallace—Knopf [\$3.95].

Two British ships hove to off the Pacific islet Más a Tierra, one day in 1700, and prepared to take on fresh water. When the crew glimpsed flashing lights on the supposedly uninhabited island, an armed small boat was sent in to investigate. Awaiting the sailors on the beach, waving his arms and dancing, was an extraordinary figure "cloth'd in Goat-Skins, who look'd wilder than the first Owners of them. He had been [cast away] on the Island Four Years and four Months. . . . His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch man. . . . He had so much forgotten his Language for want of Use, that we could scarce understand him."

On the long voyage home, Selkirk told the full story of his four solitary years—how he had built two log huts; how he had conquered a plague of rats by domesticating cats; how he had lived on goat flesh, fish, turtles and wild fruits. A century ago, his countrymen placed a plaque on the site of Selkirk's lookout, reading simply: IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK, MARINER. But a far greater memorial has

stood for more than 200 years—Daniel Defoe's *The Life & Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. So life-like has this novel seemed to generations that Virginia Woolf spoke for many when she said: "To have been told that Robinson Crusoe was the work of a man with a pen in his hand would either have disturbed us unpleasantly or meant nothing at all."

All great characters in fiction enjoy this glorious distinction of seeming too lifelike to have sprung from an inkwell. Like Robinson Crusoe, they have often been modeled on real people. Now Irving Wallace, a Hollywood scenarist with a yen for bizarre personalities, has had the bright idea of telling the life stories of 20-odd famed originals. Among them

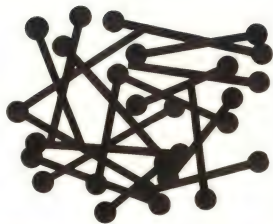
¶ Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, the original Sherlock Holmes. As a medical student, Author Conan Doyle listened in



CASTAWAY ALEXANDER SELKIRK
Too lifelike for an inkwell.

awe as the astonishing Dr. Bell "would sit in his receiving room, with a face like a red Indian, and diagnose people as they came in before they even opened their mouths." Deduction, based on observation of trifles, was Bell's method. "Most men," he said drily, "have . . . a head, two arms, a nose, a mouth." But only the weaver has a weaver's tooth (jagged from biting threads), only a peasant woman smoking a short-stemmed clay pipe has "the ulcer on her lower lip and the glossy scar on her left cheek indicating a superficial burn." Dr. Bell himself was delighted with Doyle's great detective, and liked to brag: "I am Sherlock Holmes."

¶ Courtesan Marie Duplessis, the real Camille. "Seven gentlemen pooled their money to keep her, and each was given a separate night of the week to visit her. They symbolized their collective devotion by combining to present her with a magnificent dressing-table containing seven drawers." Marie was 18 and notorious



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when Alexandre Dumas the Younger fell in love with her. She warned him off bluntly: "I am a woman who spits blood and spends a hundred thousand francs a year." But young Dumas insisted—and one year later tottered ruefully away, broken-hearted and loaded with debts.

Among the other originals: Flaubert's Madame Bovary (Madame Delphine Delamare, the faithless young wife of a middle-aged doctor who had studied medicine under Flaubert's father); Edgar Allan Poe's Marie Roget (Mary Cecilia Rogers, a beautiful clerk in a tobacconist's shop Poe patronized); Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Deacon William Brodie, by day a respectable Edinburgh town councilman who at night led a notorious gang of thieves and kept two mistresses). Most of them were interesting people; some were fascinating. But they all have one thing in common that distinguishes them from other human beings—their real lives seem to be those of ghosts, so illusory do they appear when set side by side with the literary creations they inspired.

Autumn Leaves

U.S. publishers figure that when Labor Day comes, Christmas shopping cannot be far behind, and try to get most of their wares into the shops sometime before December. Some of the books will become bestsellers, some will go unnoticed in the frantic publishing rush. Among new books now on the shelves:

HITLER, by Otto Dietrich (277 pp.; Regency: \$3.95), an authoritative close-up of the Führer by his old "chief of press relations," who manfully avoids the sour self-pity of most Nazi memoirs and speaks with the incoherent sincerity of someone trying to explain an evil dream. Journalist Dietrich (he died in 1952 after a prison stretch in Landsberg for war crimes) sees his former boss as "sent by the Dark Powers," and, with the professionalism that never seems to desert the German, he complains from the grave that Hitler would not hold nice press conferences.

DOG DAYS, by Ross Santee (244 pp.; Scribner: \$3.95), a thoroughly appealing autobiographical memoir of a Midwestern childhood by one of the best U.S. writers and artists of the American West. Mark Twain would have liked it and so will any man who grew up on a farm or in a small town.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM, by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson (291 pp.; Random House: \$5), a life of Dutch Painter Vincent Van Gogh written by a team of popular biographers who always plow a straight furrow if not a deep one.

THE WOMEN OF PARIS, text by André Maurois, photographs by Nico Jesse (190 pp.; Bodley Head: \$5.95), a picture book that leaves out most of the women who keep male tourists turning their heads on the Champs Élysées after dark, but has other virtues that are just as French and in other ways just as charming. There are the shrewd and individualistic market women of Les Halles, the young students, the old women of all



PARIS CONCIERGE
Off the tourist track.

classes who look as if they could tell a life story as robust as anything of Balzac's.

THE GODS WERE KIND, by William Willis (252 pp.; Dutton: \$4), an extraordinary survival story of a raft trip from Peru to the Samoan islands. Its author matched the Kon-Tiki expedition, and he did it alone.


LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS, by Jean-Paul Sartre (239 pp.; Criterion: \$4), lighter stuff from France's erratically brilliant and fading existentialist—provocative pieces on French and U.S. writers, shrewd sense and off-the-cuff nonsense on America, some philosophical forays.

PRELUDES TO LIFE, by Theodor Heuss (183 pp.; Citadel: \$3.50), recollections by the President of the West German Federal Republic, now 71, of his boyhood and student days before and after the turn of the century, a time when Germany and the Germans enjoyed what now seems a bland, near-Victorian existence.

THE PILLAR OF SALT, by Albert Memmi (342 pp.; Criterion: \$3.75), a novel of life in Tunis, a city where the son of a poor Jewish father and a Berber mother is bound to take some hard knocks. The hero's experiences are not nearly as significant as the author supposes, but the fresh, exotic setting and the tensions of wartime North Africa give the book a highly individual flavor.

CASTLE GARAC, by Nicholas Monsarrat (258 pp.; Knopf: \$3.50), a potboiler by the author of *The Cruel Sea*. The handsome young American broke on the French Riviera, the young blonde who learns to care, and the international boudoirs they tangle with seem to interest Monsarrat as little as they will admirers of his big book.

THE ANGRY HILLS, by Leon M. Uris (249 pp.; Random House: \$3), a far cry from Uris's best-selling *Battle Cry*. The hero, who gets involved with the Greek underground when the Germans overrun the country, is described as an American "bread-and-butter writer." So, in this book, is Novelist Uris.



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MISCELLANY

Sportscar Enthusiasts. In Seoul, Brigadier General Carl F. Fritzsche issued a tart order to discourage the men in his command from using Army jeeps "to transport indigenous female personnel for recreational purposes."

Maestro. In Manchester, England, after an inept pupil backed the learner's car onto a sidewalk, Auto Instructor Handel Andrew indignantly took the wheel, promptly smacked into a lamppost, was fined £3 (\$8.40) for careless driving.

Mouth Piece. In Ionia, Mich., when Bank Clerk Celia Kennedy asked a traveling man for identification when he presented a check at the Ionia National Bank, he whipped out his upper plate, pointed to his name engraved on its top, pocketed his cash.

Sales Approach. In Memphis, a housewife placed an ad in the classified section of the *Press-Scimitar*: "BOXER PUPS—My husband's \$75 dogs for \$50 and less; if a man answers, please hang up."

Case History. In Denver, arrested after he set fire to the lobby of the Portland Hotel, Sam Girard, 38, told police that he was sorry, explained: "I didn't realize it was the wrong hotel until the staircase was on fire."

Empathy. In Fort Worth, a three-day jail term for contempt was added to Ferrell Conlin's lengthy record of arrests on drunk charges when, as an excited spectator at a murder trial, he leapt to his feet and shouted: "Give him 15, judge, 15 years."

Events Leading Up. In Phoenix, Ariz., after he was arrested for shooting and wounding his neighbor, Earl La Motte, 42, explained to police: "He kept yelling 'Say man' at me, and besides, he keeps goats in his yard."

Preferred Environment. In Toledo, Orion Ward, 27, got concurrent one-to-15-year terms in the State Penitentiary for burglary and larceny after he interrupted Judge Thomas J. O'Connor, who was about to sentence him to the Mansfield Reformatory, pleaded: "If you don't mind, Your Honor, I'd rather go to the pen; those young crooks at the reformatory might have a bad influence on me."

The Light Touch. In El Paso, officials at Fort Bliss formally dedicated a new \$310,000 Army mess hall by using a meat cleaver to cut a 6-ft. string of hot dogs stretched in front of the entrance.

Last Man. In Morris Plains, N.J., vigorously campaigning for county coroner, Warren G. Bath pledged in a speech that, if elected, he would seek to have the job abolished.

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